

The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.

THE NEW GERMAN REICH

TODAY all Austria is ringing bells. Tomorrow Austrians will be wringing their hands.

We shall first consider the historical background of the conquest of Austria and then make a few observations on the event itself that will center largely upon five men—Schuschnigg, Hitler, Mussolini, Benes and Chamberlain.

The first act of the newly elected Austrian National Constituent Assembly, following the dismemberment of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, was a renewed proclamation of Austria's union with the newly created German republic. Germany's provisional Constitution had likewise provided for a union of the two democracies. On racial and economic grounds this consolidation seemed a logical step. It was in strict accord with the post-war principle of national self-determination. Three powers in particular—France, Italy and Czechoslovakia—led the fight against the Anschluss, with the result that the

peace conference forbade the union. Austria was compelled to sign the Treaty of St. Germain by the terms of which she agreed not to alienate her sovereignty and to abstain from any act which might compromise her independence.

Many Austrians, however, continued to work for the union. In 1921, two Austrian provinces held plebiscites and voted overwhelmingly for union with Germany. Chancellor Schober, however, repudiated the plebiscites. Ten years later both countries completed a tentative agreement for the establishment of a customs union. France, Poland and Czechoslovakia denounced this agreement. The League of Nations therefore referred the question to the World Court which decided, by an 8-to-7 vote, that the proposed customs union was incompatible with the Geneva Protocol of 1922, under which Austria was advanced a rehabilitation loan, but was not incompatible with the Treaty of St. Germain.

The Anschluss question entered upon a new phase when Hitler achieved power in Germany. The issue then presented to Austrians was either their own Christian corporative state or Anschluss at a very high price—acceptance of an anti-religious totalitarian régime. German Nazis spent millions of dollars for propaganda purposes in Austria. They carried on their intensive preparatory work despite the stern and unrelenting opposition of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg and despite the hostility of Italy, Britain, France, Poland and the Little Entente nations.

Hitler won the ultimate victory because of his strong determination to succeed, because the immediate attractiveness of union with Germany outweighed all other long-range considerations in the minds of a considerable number of Austrians, because of the withdrawal of Italian support and, finally, because of the blundering, procrastinating policies of Great Britain and France.

Future generations, in possession of as many pertinent facts as historians are permitted to gather, must pass judgment upon the momentous decision of Schuschnigg to sponsor a dictatorial plebiscite that would seek to persuade the world that Austria did not desire Anschluss with Germany. No one today questions his ardent love of his native land, his general ability as a leader under the most trying and hazardous circumstances, or the sincerity and courage of his valiant fight to maintain Austrian independence at all costs. The former Austrian Chancellor, however, forced Hitler's hand at a time when England had embarked upon a positive course of action and was holding conversations with Germany and Italy. Future historians, with that objective view that is denied us in the shock and turmoil of this dark hour, must decide whether Schuschnigg should have labored to preserve some semblance of Austrian independence as long as possible without resorting to a challenging policy that would certainly result in an immediate German ultimatum, in the hope that those all-important conversations might have produced a real determination to check Hitler's Danubian ambitions.

Hitler in Vienna is undoubtedly the one ruler who will determine, so far as one man can determine anything, the fate of Europe in the immediate future. His ability and his present position must be correctly evaluated. The correct solution of contemporary European problems depends, in the last analysis, upon the strict accuracy of that evaluation. Far too many people, in the past, refused to take Hitler seriously. They regarded "Mein Kampf" as a joke. They deluded themselves into believing that Hitler was little more than a mountebank, a visionary, the tool of the army, the mouthpiece of Big Business in Germany, a dictator who would soon involve himself in a series of fatal blunders that would destroy him.

It must now be admitted that, in accomplishing his revolutionary objectives, Hitler has made precious few blunders since his advent to supreme power. Having correctly gaged the European situation in the past, he is not likely to overreach himself in the near future. Christian civilization is at war with National Socialism. But the enemy of our culture cannot possibly be restrained or defeated until we stop fighting a straw-man and take the correct measure of our antagonist. The Austrian coup should help us to do this.

While Mussolini gave Hitler a personal reassurance of Italian friendship, he must regard the long-dreaded union of Germany and Austria without enthusiasm. Only a few days before German troops invaded Austria, the controlled Italian press insisted that an independent Austria was essential to the safety of Italy's frontiers. German troops are now stationed at the Brenner Pass, the gateway to Italy. The 200,000 Austrians in the Tyrol region will be most receptive to the gospel of Pan-Germanism and may cause immense trouble for Mussolini in the months to come. Competent observers believe that there is every likelihood that, for the sake of his own prestige, he will be eager to hasten the conversations with Britain to a successful conclusion. But the imponderable factor is the promise of future aid to Italy that Hitler must have made to Mussolini to secure the Italian dictator's consent to the Austrian coup. Mussolini still retains his unique bargaining position.

The Czechoslovakian President and many government officials have declared many times that if their country is invaded, they will fight. No one doubts for a moment that, in such an event, the Czechs would fight. But the Sudeten Germans will not fight and the loyalty of the Slovaks, excluded from most public offices, is very questionable. Czechoslovakia cannot survive without outside aid. If the attitude recently manifested toward Austria is taken as a criterion of the zeal of western European democracies to fulfil their pledges and obligations, Hitler will one day enter Prague as easily as he entered Vienna.

Prime Minister Chamberlain's government strongly protested the annexation of Austria. Berlin promptly replied that the bloodless Anschluss was none of Britain's business. Chamberlain rejected this bold statement and asserted that Britain "must always be interested in developments in Central Europe." This interest, however, is lukewarm. We regard it as highly significant that he refused to discuss what Britain would do to guard Czechoslovakia should that country be attacked. While Britain will speed up her vast armament program, there is little likelihood that her military and naval resources will be used in any other way than to protect the British Isles from Germany's ruthless air force.

Week by Week

SECRETARY OF STATE HULL announced that, while American officials were gravely concerned over the Austrian crisis, nothing that has happened would in any way involve the United States. Our Trend of Events government, contrary to the action taken by Great Britain, did not urge a course of moderation on Berlin. The German Ambassador in Washington received instructions to take over all the Austrian diplomatic and consular establishments in the United States and to assume authority over all former Austrian affairs. It is believed that the Austrian commercial treaty, containing provisions for unconditional most-favored-nation treatment at the hands of the United States, has ceased to exist. No announcement has yet been made whether the German government would guarantee payment of the Austrian debt to the United States which has been in default since 1931 and now amounts to \$26,000,000. Contrary to expectations, the European crisis did not silence opposition to the administration's \$1,120,000,000 naval construction bill. Representative Tinkham read a newspaper report quoting Winston Churchill as saying that an excellent arrangement existed between the United States and Great Britain and accused Secretary of State Hull and Admiral Leahy of uttering false official statements regarding this question. We recall that Secretary Hull, in a letter to Senator Johnson, specifically asserted that no understanding, agreements or alliances involving the United States and Great Britain existed or were contemplated. For our part, we are surprised that Mr. Tinkham should challenge the honesty of Mr. Hull's statement when he can submit as evidence to support his serious charges only a random newspaper article written by some anonymous journalist. Hearings began before the Committee on Reciprocity Information on the proposed reciprocal trade treaty with Great Britain. New England representatives protested that the agreement would result in a decline in living standards in that part of the country and in greater unemployment. We rejoice in the Nationalist victories in Spain which presage an early termination of the war.

PREDICTIONS are now being freely made that, in view of the primaries this year, Congress may adjourn in sixty days without having revised any of the anti-Monopolies quated anti-monopoly laws now on the statute books. Such remedial legislation is highly desirable in order to bring back competition into the capitalistic system. As House majority leader Rayburn

reminds us, the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was passed in 1890 and has been revised only once since that time. We have expressed our disapproval of certain aspects of the administration's anti-monopoly drive, but we are in sympathy with Mr. Roosevelt's important and necessary objective. Thurman W. Arnold, who will succeed Mr. Jackson as assistant attorney general to enforce anti-trust laws, is of the opinion that such laws in the past have resulted only in building up bigger business combinations. We heartily agree with him and greatly admire his determination to enforce existing laws, despite their many obvious imperfections, "vigorously and fairly." We are likewise confident that the House and Senate Judiciary Committees will thoroughly explore the whole complex problem and submit recommendations to Congress which, when adopted, will rid this nation of unfair monopolistic practises that are altogether too prevalent.

THE TWO important documents on conservation which the President recently submitted to Congress in both instances ask for study and eventual legislation. The Water and Wood message on forestry and the transmitted report of the National Resources Committee on water control, or the productive and integrated use of our rivers, little and big, both contain facts and general ideas on conservation that are almost indisputably true. It would seem likely that there are some mistakes, for conservation is not like mathematics, and the means of bringing it are numerous and difficult to experiment with, but hardly anyone is likely to deny that we do need federal, state and local programs—flexible as the President said, and open to ready revision year by year—involving immediate expenditure as well as direct and indirect saving, and involving great private and political effort toward cooperation, harmony and restraint. Unfortunately, legislation looking to such a thing as this, is the kind that always seems to be given a back seat. There is no indication that these two good reports will result in laws this year. Politics, parliamentary action and public campaigns require the burning of the most immense amount of energy and they require strategy. The strategy is necessarily limiting: few objectives must be aimed at; they must be tangibly clear objectives; propaganda must have a field to develop tellingly; compromises must be ruthless; weighty and close interests must be served. In the game of politics, conservation, although growing more valuable, doesn't yet seem to be considered much of a chip. When it is, politics will be much nearer statesmanship, and in the meantime, with things as they are, politicians who act toward conservation like statesmen deserve special support.

CONFIDENCE in plebiscites as means for determining the people's choice has been pretty thoroughly undermined by some of our forceful neighbors in Central Europe. Still, the AAA referenda have merit in their limited sphere.

Farmers
Vote

Farmers vote before marketing quotas are put into effect, and they are voting now. The tobacco farmers have registered their approval of the marketing section of the new law as it applies to them, and the cotton growers were showing a favorable ratio of 93 percent. These plebiscites are probably fake in so far as their bearing on the farm plan goes. How they would turn out as a whole was doubtless well known in advance. The inducements to voting "Yes" were potent and rather obvious—government checks. It would be perfectly possible for a farmer to oppose the whole idea of the farm law, but then, after it has been passed, to vote for allotting his own crop a portion of the benefits Congress is willing to grant. Few veterans who opposed the bonus threw their checks away. Nevertheless, these referenda do give opportunity for the expression of really serious objections and disaffections, and they are useful administratively in organizing the attention and enlisting the cooperation of the farmers. The farmer's life is certainly a full one, and remote from the city. Now he even has elections of his own on matters practically incomprehensible to the urbanite.

THE FREE press has many faults, some of them very serious. All of us have proved this in our own experience. Whether viewed as the purveyor of balanced and honest information, or as the palladium of liberty, the democratic newspaper often falls far short of its trust. Stupid or vicious teachings may creep into the editorial page, emboldened by its anonymity; or, presuming upon its high tradition, may trumpet themselves abroad, to the creation of general mischief. A definite political or religious policy, or even an indefinite prejudice, may dictate news selection and color news reporting to the extent of removing the newspaper in question, temporarily at least, from the category of responsible organs; and yet no immediate and direct warning will be forthcoming, to protect the mass of its readers from a bias all the more powerful and persuasive for being concealed. But one has only to read such a proposal for press-control pacts as that put to foreign diplomats and correspondents by the press chief of the German Reich, to realize that there is another side to the picture. The factors usually neglected by readers in moments of critical irritation at the democratic press come into sharp relief. For it is at once evident between what two things the choice lies.

The Press:
Polite
or Free?

It does not lie between a privately controlled press, subject to all the vagaries of private control, on the one hand, and revelation from on high, on the other. It lies between forms of control: between a situation wherein public criticism of a newspaper may operate freely as a corrective, on the basis of information freely obtained from other sources; and a situation wherein, however intense or justified, it dares not operate at all. More: it is evident that whoever may oppose a free press, and for whatever good reason, one group is bound to oppose it: that group to which the truth is a disadvantage. Many individuals and groups may allege justly that what they do is their own business; that group which is doing, or intends to do, something against the general conscience of mankind, will of necessity always allege it most eagerly. If, seeing your neighbor brain his servant or throw his guest down a well, you say nothing about it, doubtless neighborly "amenities" will be preserved; but it is an open question whether something even more important will not be endangered.

DESPITE the stock criticisms leveled against the rising generation, another idea has emerged

Crabbed
Youth

in the near past. Jokesmiths and comedy writers have made light of it, but evidence that serious children are trying to keep frivolous parents in line is given with disconcerting actuality in a letter to the *New York Times* from a youth of eighteen. Writing to protest against the routine allegations mentioned at the beginning of this paragraph—the charge that "the youth of today are disrespectful and flip-pant"—this young man expresses the belief that this charge is "flung out as a smoke screen to conceal deficiencies in our elders of which they are too painfully cognizant." That he too is painfully cognizant of these deficiencies immediately appears. He asserts that while the young men and women of his acquaintance are discussing world affairs, their parents and teachers seem more concerned with frivolities, and brings the charge home by referring to the Big Apple marathon participated in by faculty members of a Mid-western college. He then cites the case of a fine young female fellow student whose study hours are encroached upon and whose class standing is endangered because she is dragged out several nights a week by a dance-crazy father. He concludes magnanimously by saying that of course "every American father is not so frivolous as this one"; but it is his opinion that if he and his kind "succeed in saving civilization, it will be in spite of, not because of, the older generations." We should be interested indeed in meeting someone who can laugh this off. It should make wonderful material for a farce; but somehow it doesn't.

BISHOP YU-PIN OF NANKING

By STEPHEN CHAO-YANG PAN

SEVERAL centuries ago Las Casas, the father and friend of the American Indians, made many journeys to his native Spain in the interest of the pitiful plight of his beloved flock. His was a mission of Christian charity, productive of interviews with men of Spain who, like himself, were conscious of divine justice and its application to the problems of all men. To them and his fellow Dominicans at Salamanca, he protested the unjust oppression of the Indians by the Conquistadores. So ardent was his appeal for mercy that his confrère in religion, Francesco de Vittoria, saw fit to write his immortal treatise on international relations and thus merited for himself the title, Father of International Law. This occurred centuries ago in the Far West.

A situation of similar import arises today in the Far East. An apostle of mercy, Most Reverend Paul Yu-Pin, Bishop of Nanking, China, is now in this country pleading in behalf of his Chinese flock who are in a pitiful plight. Born in Heilung-Kiang Province, China, in 1901, Bishop Yu-Pin was baptized in the true faith when thirteen years of age. After graduating from the middle school, he went to Aurora University, the famous Jesuit seat of learning at Shanghai. He in turn attended the Pontifical College of the Propagation of the Faith, the University of Rome and the University of Milan. From these institutions he has four doctorates: divinity, philosophy, canon law, and political and social sciences.

While a young priest, he taught scholastic philosophy and Chinese classics with singular distinction. Lectures, discussions with European savants, wide travel and research made him known throughout Europe as an oriental scholar. Returning to his native China in 1933, he became the Inspector General of Catholic Action. His astute ability as an organizer led to his appointment as director of all Catholic institutes of learning in China.

On September 20, 1936, Bishop Yu-Pin was consecrated to the episcopate by His Excellency, Archbishop Mario Zanin, the present Apostolic Delegate to China. In the same year General Chiang Kai-shek was celebrating his fiftieth birthday, and the Bishop of Nanking, one of the youngest bishops in the Catholic world, pledged loyalty to the cause of China on the part of 2,818,839 Chinese Catholics. In appreciation of this tribute, the Generalissimo, together with his American-educated wife, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, have held in the highest personal esteem Bishop Yu-Pin, the Chinese churchman par excellence.

Bishop Yu-Pin returned to his apostolic labors in his native land on the eve of the most eventful era in the millenia-old history of his people. Within a brief space of time a situation arose that is harrowing in its import. An undeclared war, an unjust aggression, became the prelude to his apostolate. From Shansi in the north to Kwangtung in the south, war is now being waged, bringing China to the brink of a bottomless abyss of destruction.

As objective evidence in the present situation in the Far East, the writer presents an exclusive interview accorded to him by Bishop Yu-Pin. His Excellency was amidst Americans in the selfsame spirit Las Casas was among his fellow Spaniards: pleading a hearing for a mission of mercy in the interest of divine justice against human injustice.

Writer's question: "Since you returned to China, what is the condition of the Church in your native land?"

Bishop Yu-Pin's reply: "Since my return, I have seen Chinese Catholics not only increase in quantity, but improve in quality. Primary and secondary schools, colleges and universities under the Church's auspices are giving an invaluable impetus to the advancement of Christian civilization and culture in China."

"How are the relations between the Church and State in present China?"

"The perennial problem of Church and State in China is meeting with a most desirable solution based on mutual bonds of cordiality and respect. It seems to me that China as a whole is becoming daily more conscious of the benign influence the Church is having on the classes and the masses."

"Would you kindly convey to me your personal reaction to the present undeclared war on China?"

"When the horrors of the present conflict became apparent to me, I immediately enlisted my energies with other churchmen of China in alleviating the sufferings of the inhabitants irrespective of religious beliefs. In my episcopal See of Nanking, I especially devoted my efforts to lessening the horrible suffering of my beloved flock."

"What damages were done to your Diocese of Nanking?"

"When I left Nanking slight damage was done. But after my departure, I was informed by one of my priests that my own residence was ruined, churches were burned, schools were bombarded. I desired to have an American missionary look after my duties in Nanking until my return but

this request was denied me. An Italian priest, however, was permitted to remain and minister to some of the needs of my people."

"It has been reported that the Holy See has condoned the actions of the aggressor in China. What, in your opinion, is the true attitude of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI?"

"Such a fabricated report has no foundation in truth. It has been categorically denied by the semi-official mouthpiece of the Vatican, *Osservatore Romano*, and also by the Apostolic Delegate to China. The Holy Father never has and never will lend moral support to an immoral and thus un-Christian aggression. In fact, His Holiness has personally expressed to me his sympathy with the plight of the Chinese people in their present horrible misfortune."

"What is your opinion concerning Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek?"

"He is the chosen leader of his people and he is wholeheartedly supported by all Chinese, irrespective of religious or political beliefs."

"What is the policy of the present Chinese government under the Generalissimo?"

"I know from conversations I have had with the Generalissimo and his able assistants that the Chinese government will do its utmost to resist any foreign military aggression which would repress China's sovereignty as a state and integrity as a people."

"What, in your opinion, will be the outcome of this undeclared war upon China?"

"The aggressor will defeat not China, but herself."

"Would you mind explaining that statement?"

"China, as an independent state, has existed more than 4,800 years. She has been invaded and apparently conquered by aliens, but the Chinese people still continue to possess their own indigenous civilization. History bears repeated testimony to this amazing fact. The present aggression will prove no exception to the centuries-old rule of China. If mathematics mean anything, then 450,000,000 people against 66,889,723 people is an overwhelming odds. Such is the case in the present conflict, and time will show the apparent conqueror to be their own worst enemy."

"As a Catholic Chinese, I have been repeatedly asked by Americans whether the present Chinese government is Communistic or pro-Communistic. How should I answer such a question, Your Excellency?"

"Frankly, I would simply state China is neither."

"If China is successful in checking the present aggression, what will be the attitude of the Chinese toward the aggressor?"

"The Chinese will forgive and forget the immoral action of a militaristically minded portion of the present government of the aggressor."

"If China wins this undeclared war is there any possibility that China will become Communistic or Fascistic?"

"No. China will become neither. The fundamental and traditional rule of government in China will be democratic in the sense enunciated by the late Sun-Yat-Sen. His principles will be embodied in the form of a republic achieving national unity among the Chinese and international amity toward the rest of mankind."

PROOF OF LOSS

By LOUISE OWEN

IT IS said that after great loss by fire, flood or hurricane it is not the large, indispensable pieces of household equipment that are the most missed, oftenest mourned. Hardly a thought flies backward to linger on the grand piano or the kitchen stove; but the memory of a certain comfortable pair of old shoes, or a small warped frying-pan just the right size for one egg, is forever bringing a pang to the mind. Chairs, tables, beds, bureaus, all share in the neutrality of oblivion; whereas the ghost of a favorite bitt-stock with screw-driver attachment can never be forgotten.

It is all of a piece with the theory that people are likely to throw the best mirror, or one of the children, out a second-story window, and drag the mattresses and woolen blankets down the stairs. It is also on a par with the unfortunate

truth that people save the wrong things, the things that do not deserve to be saved, and leave small important belongings that can never be replaced.

So it was with our fire. Of course, when a house is burned to the ground, the initial calamity is so great that the minor losses are of comparative unimportance. It would be hardly fair to accuse us of being ungrateful for the fact that our neighbors carried out enough furniture for us to set up housekeeping again. But just as our sorrow was tinged with a certain unregenerate unspoken gladness, so was our gratitude lightly colored with resentment. For instance, why was it that some impulsive moron pulled the telephone hand-set out by the roots and exhibited it to us afterward with immense pride? It didn't do us any good to have an old hand-set lying around

the house; the telephone company made altogether too much money out of us as it was. If it had been the grapefruit-tree that I had spent three years raising from a seed, it would have been of greater value to us. It had twice blossomed—another year might have seen embryonic New England grapefruit growing in our kitchen.

While I cannot quite say that I am glad we had a fire, still there were features about it that were unavoidably advantageous. I shall never forget the boxes and drawers heaped with an accumulation of sewing—dresses to be made over, children's socks to be darned, all kinds of materials for making table-runners and curtains and underwear and clothes for dolls. Or the attic space where broken furniture awaited a day of resurrection, nails, paint, glue-pot; where favorite dishes lay, broken neatly in halves or thirds, very easy to mend if I ever had a few moments to spare. There was a mandolin that needed to be restrung; there were mirror-frames with no mirrors, and pictures with no glass. There was a borrowed book the baby had scribbled in, and there were victrola records that no one would ever play again.

Then the best loss of all comes to mind: an enormous note-book, perhaps a foot wide and two feet long, which contained all my early verse, nature lyrics, adolescent love poems, sonnets to the muses, acrostics and epigrams surcharged with whimsicality! These had preyed on my mind for years. I could not quite bear to throw them away, yet I hoped that no one would ever see them. Some of them I can never forget, but unless I die in delirium, they will remain unquoted to the rest of the world.

On the other hand, there are some memories that sadden me. A black evening dress, not new, not expensive, but one of those dresses that one wears, and wears, and is always happy in the wearing, glad to put it on, sorry to take it off. An extravagance in the form of escargots, canned and accompanied by their dozen beautiful shells. We could never make up our minds to eat them, partly because the quite fitting occasion never arose, partly because of a surreptitious doubt. They could not possibly taste as they did fresh at the Brevoort . . . and then, there had been a can of Chinese rice birds, purchased from Fortnum and Mason at the same time as the snails, which had been a disappointment I would never admit.

A brass Turkish coffee pot we had bought on Allen Street many years before, and honey-jars—blue, terra-cotta, yellow—they would not be replaced; one does not buy Hybla or Hymettus honey, or honey of lime-flowers from Russia, after one has begun to purchase sugar by the twenty-five-pound bag for a family of five children. And we felt resentful rather than nostalgic as we thought of the fuel we had added to our own fire by putting in coal and oil the morning before.

But I did lament a small collection of clippings that I had accumulated over the years. Chief among them was a poem by Stephen Vincent Benét, which was called "Oh Tricksy April." There were also two book reviews by Dorothy Parker when she was Constant Reader. The first was a review of "I Know a Secret," and it was entitled "Christopher Morley Goes Hoppity-Hoppity." The second appeared when the odd enthusiasm for Frances Newman was at its height. It was called "Hard-Boiled Virgins Are Faithful Lovers." Is there no place where good book reviews can go after they die? I used to read those two over to myself, and got as much pleasure from them as I ever did from "Enough Rope" in its entirety.

To counterbalance this sorrow was the distinct pleasure of knowing that a whole army of dead soldiers that had occupied the cellar, quiet witnesses to unadmissible weakness, had been destroyed once and for all. Not so much as a spot of molten glass remained to hint at the Frontenac ale, the good rum, the occasional wine and cognac, the frequent applejack and indispensable Scotch, rye and gin, that had warmed the cockles of many hearts over a period of years. There was not a full bottle among them to lessen the magnitude of the luck. On the contrary, the only full bottle in the house happened to be concealed in one of my bureau drawers, and it along with a carton of cigarettes was not only carried out with the rest of the furniture that was saved, but the stamp of supernatural approval was set on our little vices when we found both bottle and carton untouched a day later, lying in full sight on top of my lingerie.

There was one more precious touch that made our gratitude complete, which could never have happened save in rural New England. When the neighbors, long before the firemen, arrived at the blaze, it was impossible to get in the doors or to take things out by them. But they could smash in the windows, and thus remove the furniture from the front rooms downstairs. However, before they took their axes to the panes, they pried off the double windows, and these were piled carefully on the truck that made trip after trip to the next-door neighbor's to store all our belongings under a roof and away from the snow. We are using those double windows—half a dozen of them—on the farmhouse where we now live.

I hope for no more fires, but I have learned lessons from the one; and the admixture—blow for blessing, in unequal parts—reminds me of the fire itself, and of what the firemen said afterward. It was, they said, the slowest-burning fire they had ever seen; and whereas the lack of water was largely responsible for their not putting it out, still and all it was very nice for them to be able to step into the roofless living-room and warm their hands at the blazing walls.

AUSTRIA AND PAN-GERMANISM

By BERNARD BIERMAN

IN MANY countries there exists an interesting cleavage between north and south. In nearly all such cases, the south represents the older part, the region of higher culture, and of a more graceful style of living. There, in early times, the capital is located; there the government functions and the court resides. And then, at some later date, the north comes to prevail upon the south. It usurps political power, the capital is transferred north, and a militaristic or (and) commercial civilization takes the place of the former. Reasons for this interesting phenomenon are probably mainly geographical. The south is the first-settled region, and the milder climate allows a freer style of living. On the other hand, mountains, deserts, sometimes inlets or marshes on the seacoast, with their harsher natural conditions, have always been a reservoir of warrior nations.

Examples from outside Europe are found in the antitheses: Babylonia-Assyria, China-Manchuria, Maya kingdom-Aztec kingdom, the South and North in the United States. In Europe, where nearness or remoteness from Rome explains much, we have the well-known cases of France, where the Provence loses out to Paris; of the Netherlands, where throughout the Middle Ages the south is the incomparably richer and more cultured half; of Russia, where Moscow replaces Kiev, the ancient capital, that received its culture from the New Rome on the Bosphorus; finally, of Germany, where we see the opposition Berlin-Vienna, until recently even Berlin-Munich.

Take an historical atlas, and study the map of Central Europe during the last six or seven centuries. You will see that what is called "the Empire" covered, from about 1200-1500, a territory more than twice as large as the present German realm, including not only that, but also the Netherlands (the present Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, and a slice of northern France), all of Lorraine (French- and German-speaking), Franche Comté, Switzerland, much of northern and southern Italy, Slovenia, and nearly all of Czechoslovakia. After the Peace of Westphalia (1648), the loss of the western territories was easily compensated for by the reconquest of Hungary from the Turks.

From the time of Rudolph, the first Hapsburg, till the early reign of Francis Joseph, i. e., from 1282-1866, the political and cultural center of all these lands was Austria, with its capital Vienna. The city is built on the ruins of the old Roman *castellum* Vindobona, where the Alps fade out into the plain, at the intersection of two

ancient trade routes, where the road from the Mediterranean to Poland crosses the Danube, at the point of contact with German, Hungarian and Slavic cultures. Through the ability of its inhabitants and its favorable geographic location, it soon became a truly imperial city, at a time when the north was still a frontier district.

Thanks to Hollywood, when the post-war generation hears the name of Austria, it thinks of Vienna, and Vienna is the city on the Blue Danube, where blue-eyed girls charm the tourist and life goes along like a song. That is the Austria seen from the perspective of the night-club visitor. What does this crowd know of the real Austria and its heroic history? What of its mission as *Ostmark* (eastern palatinate), established by the Carolingians as Europe's bulwark against the east, saving Christendom three times from the barbarians: from the Avars in the dark ages, from the Magyars in the Middle Ages, from the Turks in early modern times? With their customary ignorance, they think that preventive medicine is a discovery of the twentieth century, and are surprised to hear that the emperors threw a sanitary cordon, the so-called military frontier, all around the southern border, along Danube and Save, to check the spread of epidemics from the Near East.

Unknown to this *profanum vulgus* are the great emperors of the Babenberg House (976-1246), whose "delightful court" was a center of art. Walther von der Vogelweide, most famous of all Minnesaenger (minstrels), according to his own confession learned "ze Österrîche singen unde sagen"; and the Nibelungen Song, that epic of chivalry, was "not only a song from, but also a song for Austria." In 1282, pious Rudolph of Hapsburg becomes the first of a line of rulers that will reign for six centuries. At the end of the Middle Ages, we meet Maximilian I, who in 1495, three years after the discovery of America, founds the Reichskammergericht (Imperial Chamber of Justice), which will henceforth adjudicate according to the Roman Law. His grandson, Charles V, is Lord of the Netherlands, King of Spain and the Spanish Dominions beyond the Seas, Lord of Northern Italy, Emperor of Germany.

Ferdinand I (1556-1564) and Ferdinand II (1619-1637), abandoned by all the princes of the realm, fight three enemies at the same time: the Protestants within, and the Turks and French without. The Counter-Reformation is successful, and finds its artistic expression in the glorious period of the Austrian Baroque, symbolic of a crusade-like intoxication of victory; and the archi-

fects Fischer von Erlach (father and son), Hildebrand, Dientzenhofer, Prandauer and Mungenast not only dot the country with castles and palaces, but renew whole cities: charming Innsbruck, and Graz, and Linz, and above all the marvel of Salzburg, beautiful and tender like first love. In 1583, Prince Starhemberg has beaten back the Turks from Vienna's gates; within half a century Hungary is reconquered, and Moslem fatalism and indolence must give way to Christian progress.

Follow the great administrators Maria Theresa, noble opponent of the enemy of the empire, Frederick II, "the Great," and her son Joseph II, under whose long and prosperous reign the lands laid waste by the Turks are resettled with German colonists; a progressive civil code is enacted, fifty years before the Napoleonic code; first in all Europe, the serfs are emancipated. Good Kaiser Francis lives on in Haydn's national hymn, while his Chancellor Metternich helps bring about the downfall of the Corsican. Radetzky, the marshal, and Tegetthoff, the admiral, hold high the honor of Austria's arms in the nineteenth century, as do, in the Great War, such names as Archduke Charles and the generals Daun, Conrad, Kusmanek and Borojevic.

The international pleasure-seekers have heard that Vienna is a city of music, and perhaps they dance stiffly to a waltz of Strauss. But here have composed Gluck, "German father of French opera," majestic Haydn and idyllic Mozart; here Beethoven, the giant, transposes Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" into the Ninth Symphony, when he is already deaf; romantic Schubert, dying at the age of thirty-one, leaves us over five hundred songs made to fit texts of the most famous poets; Liszt, interpreter of music as well as composer in his own right, has lived here, some time or other of his restless life; and Brahms, the philosopher of music; Bruckner, the religious mind; Mahler, the classicist. Truly, Romain Rolland calls Vienna "the musical capital of Germany."

But the city has also been the scene of activity for such popular preachers as Abraham de Santa Clara, Petrus Canisius, Clemens Maria Hofbauer. Among the poets occur the names of Grillparzer, the dramatist; Stifter, with his delicate descriptions of nature; Nestoy, the German Aristophanes; Lenau, the lyricist. In the nineteenth century, Lueger and Von Vogelsang carry Christian principles into statecraft; Mendel gives the world his revolutionizing discoveries in biology; the University of Vienna's medical school becomes the most important one in Europe, if not in the world; Vienna produces the jurists, Unger and Lammasch; its economists, Menger, von Boehm-Bawerk, Wieser, Philippovich, a.o. are the founders of the so-called "Austrian School" in economics, well known to all students of this "dismal science."

The purpose of the foregoing rapid enumeration was to show that Austria is not only a part of Germany, but its best part, the heart. It was necessary to go into some details, as the North-Germans, especially of the Wilhelminian period, were never afraid to hide their light, whereas the Austrian, like the Englishman, rather speaks of himself in a slightly derogatory fashion, minimizing his good points.

German unity then, the goal of all her statesmen, the ideal of all her philosophers, the dream of all her poets, once was a fact. Two men, more than all others, have helped destroy it. Both of them were Germans: Luther and Bismarck. The Saxon peasant's son broke up German religious unity, thereby causing, according to the words of the refined nineteenth-century Protestant historian Ranke, "the greatest calamity that has ever befallen Germany." The Prussian Junker, with all the good and bad qualities of his class, ruined German political unity, by wilfully halving the fatherland after an unjust "brothers' war" in 1866. Let me illustrate this last case by an example.

Suppose Lincoln had said in 1861: "What do we want the South for? True, men of our race live there, men who have the same culture, speak the same language, live under the same Common Law, and are Americans just as we are. And yet, they are unlike us: they are easy-going, they don't work as hard as we do, their industries don't come up to ours, they have not the same talent for organization—in short, they are backward. Besides, we don't like the idea of all these blacks; they are a foreign element in the Union; their assimilation is undesirable, impossible; their presence really takes away from the strength and coherence of the nation. We don't want to be burdened any more with that section of the country—let's throw them out."

And now, a short but decisive civil war would be fought, in which the South, utterly defeated, although helped by a large section of the North, was cut off from the Union much against its will. Does anyone think Lincoln would hold the place in American history he occupies now? Is it likely he would be counted, under such circumstances, among the great men America has brought forth? Would he be hailed as the maker of modern America, as "the great smith, who knew how to forge"? Could one not defend those who would call him a traitor, an evil genius, a man who had broken up his country, destroyed a great tradition, and narrowly confined himself to regional interests? Substitute Bismarck for Lincoln, and Germany for America, and the parallel is complete.

The antagonism Prussia-Austria, the struggle for hegemony in the German lands, dates from the time when the Prince Elector of Brandenburg becomes king in Prussia (1700). It is ablaze

under Frederick the Great (1740-1786), the auctor of the Seven Years War; at the Congress of Vienna it prevents the reestablishment of the Holy Roman Empire, to the sorrow of all patriots; it reaches a climax under Bismarck, in 1866, when the upstart Prussia ousts the premier country Austria from the German Confederation.

From this moment the political decay of the old monarchy begins. Cut off from their kinsmen in the Reich, the German element in the Danubian region comes to be a minority in a largely Hungarian and Slavic world, thereby being unable to fulfil its organizing mission. At the same time, the problem of nationalities becomes more acute, seemingly insoluble notwithstanding the best intentions. It still withstands the strain of the war, but comes to an enforced solution in 1918.

The effects of the secession on the north are no less profound. The new German Reich, still called "empire," in reality a centralized state under Prussian leadership, finds it cannot support its growing population according to accustomed standards of living on a reduced territory. The Danubian region is from now on closed to North-German colonization. The Reich has to industrialize itself, and enter upon the period of world trade, *Weltgeltung*. In 1898, the young Kaiser quotes the unfortunate words, "Our future lies on the water," unaware that this would necessarily mean conflict with England. The result is the clash of 1914-1918.

There were, however, at the time, a few far-seeing men, severely criticizing the new course, such as Constantine Frantz (1817-1891), Paul de Lagarde (1827-1891), and August Julius Langbehn (1851-1907). The first one, with prophetic vision, predicted the downfall of Prussia-Germany against a combination of powers, including Russia, England and the United States. Lagarde, who maintained that since 1870 men seemed to have forgotten that a nation must have "a soul," is now heralded by the Nazis as one of their forerunners. Of the profound Langbehn, the Iron Chancellor is said to have confessed that he could not sleep at night after having read the former's work. During the Great War, plans were being formulated for the reestablishment of a *Mittel-Europa*.

It is pathetic to see how also Hitler, in "Mein Kampf," rejects the whole Wilhelminian episode as a profound mistake in statecraft, a deviation from the "German mission." There is no German, no Austrian, who is not thoroughly convinced that the separation of the German race is unnatural and cannot last. The point is only: unity under Prussia, of necessity centralizing, evokes the fear of the rest of Europe, and therefore carries with it the seeds of war; under Austrian auspices, a federal union, including non-German-speaking nations, can only be a pacifying factor.

Old Austria is no more. Having been cut off from the main branch of Germans, sixty years earlier, it went down, after the Great War, as a result of a certain inner weakness and of Wilson's vague Masonic slogans. A state that had embraced half-a-dozen and more nations in the Danubian region, forming a natural, political and economic unit; a state that throughout centuries had been a British Empire in miniature, fulfilling a most necessary function; a state of which Talleyrand had said, "Si l'Autriche-Hongrie n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer"—this state was declared an "oppressor" of "subject nations," and reduced from over 250,000 square miles to 32,000 square miles and from 50,000,000 to 6,500,000 inhabitants. Rump-Austria was an Alpine country, about twice the size of Switzerland, with Vienna, former administrative, financial and manufacturing center of an empire, holding about one-quarter of the total population of the country.

The suffering after the war was frightful, much greater than during the conflict. Old markets were shut off by the insane delineations of new frontiers, drawn up by the criminal lunatics in Paris. An official examination of school children showed that 80 percent did not get the amount and kind of food necessary for health. Inflation wiped out the last fortunes, the number of suicides mounted daily. Many despaired of the future of the country and saw Anschluss, i. e., union with Germany, as the only way out. Not so Seipel, and his disciple Dollfuss, and—up to a while ago, so it seems—Schuschnigg. With the help of the League of Nations, Austria was enabled to rehabilitate herself financially; Socialist unrest was crushed; a new Constitution, based upon the papal encyclical, "Quadragesimo Anno," was adopted.

But now Austria is being *gleichgeschaltet* (coordinated, centralized) in Prussian manner. The swastika flies from the Austrian chancellery. European culture has lost a most important element, and something very noble and graceful has come to an end.

Intrepid Flowering

If there are five white blossoms
On a storm-broken tree,
I will salute beauty
Born in extremity.

The pulses beat with labor
To make the life-stream go
Up through the torn branches,
Until a flower show.

I will uncap to courage
Whenever I shall see,
A fissured heart that burgeons,
Or a cleft, flowering tree.

LOIS CANFIL.

THE PEAT FIRE

By ALBERT EISELE

THE CAR drove through a farmyard and then followed a field trail that ran with corn on one side and a tumbledown fence on the other. The posts were rotted or broken off and hung to all directions, with an occasional post leaning far into the headlight of the car, as though trying to obtain a better view of all approaching vehicles. The trail led into a long swale and, as the car dipped, the taller weeds in the low, rich soil shot sharply upward, hiding the dilapidated fence from view and brushing with their tips at the open windows of the car. The weeds reared themselves higher and higher, then appeared on the other side of the car, so that presently the car ran through a deep and pollened canyon of them. Ahead lay a knoll: the car climbed to the crest, the weeds subsiding—and there, spread out below on the yonder side, lay the burning peatbed.

The spectacle was quite unimpressive: it might well have been nothing more than the smoldering remains of some immense strawstack. There was little flame, but it was evident that a great deal of subterranean fire existed, for smoke was issuing from innumerable places in the burning area and forming a great sprawling column that hung lazily in an almost imperceptible breeze.

The car stopped, and two men got out. Twilight was falling, and the foreground was dark against the glow beyond. The two men almost stumbled into a ditch. This ditch was about three feet deep and two wide; the inner bank was lower than the outer, and composed of cold ashes. The men stepped down into the trench. The floor was smooth and hard.

"Burned out, here," said one, kicking the ashes of the inner bank with his foot. "Perhaps weeks ago—they say this peatbed's been burning for over two months."

"An uncle of mine once had a peatbed that burned all winter," said the other. "It burned under the snow."

They followed the trench; it ran a serpentine course, but circled gradually toward where the main fires were, some forty rods ahead. And when the men had gone about half the distance they saw live ashes along the inner bank; a few steps more brought deep holes lined with burning, glowing peat. Ahead a wall of smoke hung over the trench and gradually obliterated it from view. And at the edge of this barrier they paused.

Beyond the trench the burning peat was pitted with holes, from the rims of which tongues of flame were issuing in lambent play. These holes,

or craters, seemed to burn independently of one another, like so many votive lamps. The entire conflagration was noiseless. It was only when a tongue of fire from the edge of a crater licked at a tussock of dry, brown grass that there would be, for a minute, a merry crackling, accompanied by a bright, torch-like blaze. Farther back, in the heart of the burning area, a fence ran; the fence-lands were dotted with fire-holes fringed about with tall weeds that stood illumined by unseen fires; and now and again the licking flames from below would reach one of these tall, partly-desiccated weeds and go shooting upward throughout the structure in a scintillating and firework effect. Then the last sparks would fall down and disappear, and the immediate surroundings would be again returned to the twilight gloom.

The outer bank of the trench was carpeted with thick, brown grass. The two men seated themselves.

"So this is a peat fire!" said one; "well, I've always wanted to see one!"

They watched the silent display before them; and, as they sat watching, a figure appeared at their left—moved along the trench toward them, became gradually more distinct through the smoke, then stood before them.

"Good evening, folks!" said a little old man. He carried a gravel shovel. "I didn't know as it was anybody at first," the newcomer went on heartily; "my eyes is so full of smoke and dust that sometimes I can see hardly nothing." He poked the point of the shovel into the hard floor of the trench and leaned on the handle. Then he talked, volubly.

His name was Kniep, he said. He owned the farm on the other side of the fence that ran through the burning peatbed. It was beyond that fence, on his own farm, where the fire had started when a worker had thrown down a lighted cigarette during threshing time. That was over two months ago. Kniep had plowed a furrow around that first fire and had confined it for three weeks; the area had just about burned itself out when one windy night the fire broke away into fresh territory. Kniep plowed around this fresh territory and here confined the fire for another three weeks. But it got away a second time; he plowed around it once more, by hand deepened the furrow into a ditch, and had now, in this new salient, been fighting the fire for sixteen days and sixteen nights.

"Ach," he cried, "I get so I don't know what sleep means no more! Used to be that first when

I vas down here I could get some sleep—little cat napples that I could take on my feet, like a horse. I could make a trip around the fire, take a little sleep, then go on the next trip. But now—ho ho ho!—now I don't take no napples no more because I be afraid ouf I did I fall in the fire!—ho ho ho!"

The old man's mode of fire-fighting, it developed, was comprised mainly of patrolling the trench along the fire front—a semicircling beat of perhaps a half-mile. His were the feet that had worn smooth and hard the floor of the trench. The trench itself ran in a full circle, but along the rear half of the circle the peat had burned itself down and the fires were out.

"It's just back und forth!—back and forth!" said the old man, swinging an arm to and fro along the trench; "whenever the fire crawdles across the bottom of the ditch und starts on the nunder side, I have to shovel the fire back, before it gets a good start. Back und forth, back und forth—ach, all the time walking back und forth!"

"Und who helps me? Nobody! Let the old man do the work! Leave everything to the old man, saxty-five years old and all cruppled up with remytiz! My woman she comes out here a cupple times, but her feet get hot here—she's got bad feet anyhow—so she can't do much. Und I have a boy, Adolph; he is now stwenty years old und should help, but what does he do but get a girl in trubble so he's got to get married! Und now he's a married man! A married man! But he can't get a job—he wants town-work!—so now he just lays around the house up there. Married man! Gentlemen! I say, ouf he wants to do that und have a family, then he's got to work!—he don't need to think that he can do that und then not work. But no, he's a gentleman! Und I should stay down here and watch this fire, day in und day out—no help, no rest, no nothing! Such a business! such a business!" And here he suddenly resumed his patrol and disappeared into the pall of smoke.

But only a small portion of his beat remained, and he soon returned.

"You must oxcuse me, folks," he began, without further ado, "for the way I talk. This peat fire has got me all r-r-rattled," he shook his head in a vibrating manner as he struggled with the word, "but this peat fire is not everything. There are nunder things. Und the worstest of them all is, I am going to lose my farm.

"Yessir! I am going to lose my farm—I am going to let it go. Two hunnerd und saxty-five dollar an akker I pay for it—ach, what a fool! what a fool!"

"Und ten dousand dollar in cash I pay down—can you believe that? That was during the bomb—ach, that vas a bad thing, the bomb! That vas the worstest thing that ever happened to this

country. Und then on top of that, I turn right around und put three dousand dollar worth tile in the ground—und just so squint as I had the tile in the ground the bottom fell out! That three dousand I borrowed—und it ain't paid yet!" He spoke this last with an air of commingled triumph and despair.

"You know, folks, sometimes I think that when you can't make no money anyhow, when brices are so low and don't bring nothing, when you can wear yourself out one year after anunder—sometimes I think, I say, that it is just so good that you ain't got a farm. But let me tell you something!—let me tell you something!—when you remember that for fourteen, fifteen, saxteen years you have struggled to keep your farm—struggled and scraped und broke your back—when you've worked day und night—then, when you look at your poor old cruppled hands und all at once know that you're going to lose everything you got yet, why, it just canada makes a man stop and think! Yessir! Yessir!"

Here his voice quavered and broke and, apparently ashamed of himself, he hurriedly took up his shovel and resumed his beat. "I gotta go," he said, without looking back, "I gotta look after this peat fire! It got away from me twict, so all my work vas for nothing. I don't want to let it get away again. There's twenty haystacks close."

And the silence that ensued when his loud and distraught voice had ceased seemed heightened by the noiseless play of the burning peatbed. The flames, unaccompanied by crackle or hiss, had become eerie, pentecostal.

"Poor devil!" said one of the men.

"I'll say he's a poor devil," said the other; "but he just had to get all that off his chest."

The two shortly returned to their car and departed.

Then another car arrived. The new sightseers were a young man and a young woman, and they, too, seated themselves on the grassy outer bank of the trench. The sky was starry, and a chill had come into the night air.

"Let's move a little farther along, where there's more fire," said the man.

So they rose and walked on till they came to a giant fissure that ran diagonally through the peatbed and up to the trench. This entire fissure was burning; its bottom, sides and banks were red and glowing.

"This is a tile drain," said the man. "You see," he went on, with a scientific air, "after the tile were laid, the ditch was filled in with a lot of peaty top-material, and that is why the fire now follows the cut right down to the tile."

It was a deep ditch of fire, and a delightful warmth came stealing up the long, straight chan-

nel. They seated themselves on the outer bank directly opposite this delta of warm air.

"This is like being before a dozen fireplaces," said the girl.

"Ach, I tell you, folks, ouf it would only rain! ouf it would only rain!" The little old man had suddenly emerged from the smoke and darkness again. "It would take an nawful good soaker to put this fire out, but any some kind of rain would help. This way I have to fight everything all myself. Ouf I could have only a little shower, to settle the dust! The dust from the ashes—ach, it is so bad! Und just so soon there is a little wind, the dust starts. One day a whirling-wind came through here—ho ho ho! you should have seen that! That was a funny thing.

"Und where is Mr. McDowell, the man what owns this land right here where I stand on? Where is he, that man? Could he not come down here once in a while and help me with this fire, ouf he was the right kind of man? How many times he comes down here? Once! Once he comes down here—he comes here und says, that black man, 'Knep, see that haystack? Don't let it burn. Ouf that haystack burns—ninety dollar!' That's that haystack you can see over there—you can just make it out. There is nineteen nunder ones yet. More than one night I fight like a fool to keep the fire away from those haystacks—I fight till my hands get sore, ache and burn like when you haul manure for a week. I tell him to move that close haystack, but he says he don't have to. McDowell und I don't got much use for each other. Letz year I got a bollentine in the mailbox—it had a funny picture on it, und the worstest kind of writing. McDowell sent it, I know it. Und where is McDowell now—where is he? Say, where is he?" and here he pointed to the north. "Fishing, that's where he is! Fishing trip! He goes fishing! Fishing!" His voice rose to a shout. "That's the kind of man he is—when I get in trubble here not on my own fault und gets my hands full, he goes fishing! Fishing! Ach, sometimes I feel so sick und dissy that I could fall right into this fire!—this smoke is getting my heart—it is getting my heart. My heart is not good anyhow."

The young man stirred uneasily, then spoke: "You must cheer up. Better times are coming."

"Not for me! Not for me!" shouted the old man. Then he took up his shovel and again resumed his fiery beat. The smoke had lifted for an instant and the burning peatbed lay wide and far-flung. "Not for me! Not for me!" The old man's slight figure faded out in the recurring smoke, but once more his anguished voice came back, "Not for me! Not for me!"

Along the fence in the background another large weed caught fire; it flamed for a moment like a beautiful monstrel, then died down.

THE LEGACY OF HIDEYOSHI

By F. E. LALLY

IN 1878, W. G. Aston, an officer of the British Legation to Tokyo, related in the "Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan" the story of Japan's first attempt at Asiatic conquest. This was the invasion of Korea in the closing years of the sixteenth century by the Shogun Hideyoshi, who believed the gods had destined him to be the sole ruler of the earth.

Accordingly, in 1592, with a partly unified Japan behind him he dispatched his army across the Korean Strait to set up an empire that was to include, successively, Korea, Manchuria and China. These however, were to be only the beginnings of Japanese might on the continent. With the progress of the invasion the capital of empire was to be transferred from the Shogunal capital of Yedo to Peking, and then the rest of Asia known to Japanese geography was to be encompassed—Mongolia, Tibet, India, Ceylon, Indo-China, Siam, the Malay Peninsula and the Philippines.

Such was the enormous design of Hideyoshi on the eve of the invasion, in 1590. But his Samurai never got beyond Korea. In the second year of the expedition (1593), the navies of China and Korea decisively defeated the Japanese fleet, and retained the vital command of the sea till the end (1598). In that year, on October 1, the last great battle of the invasion was fought at So-chon. A week later word was received from Japan that Hideyoshi had died at Fushimi on August 18, and before his death had decreed the recall of his army. His dying words to his successor, Iyeyasu, were an injunction "not to let his great army become ghosts to haunt a foreign land." The order was immediately obeyed, and the army retreated to Japan under somewhat humiliating circumstances.

Old Japanese historians named the invasion the Dragon-head and Snake-tail Campaign, because of the ambitious object with which it was begun, and the little accomplished by Japan in the end. In their opinion it was a conquest without issue, and Aston seems to accept their view. Doubtless this was the logical view of the adventure sixty years ago. But a very different opinion is held by writers who review Japanese history on its military side, and in its unparalleled course during the six decades that have passed since Aston wrote his account.

In the front rank of these writers is Mr. Yoshi S. Kuno, and his evaluation of Hideyoshi's Korean war, in the concluding chapter of his recent book,¹ merits, especially at the present time, more than ordinary attention. He tells us that notwithstanding the humiliating retreat in 1598 the invasion was epoch-making. The Seven Years' War, as he calls it, was an unbroken chain of Japanese military successes, and in consequence the Japanese acquired a strong conviction that in respect to Asiatic nations, at least, their armies were militarily superior and invincible. Furthermore, the sixteenth-century dream of

¹ *Japanese Expansion on the Asiatic Continent, Volume I.* University of California Press, Berkeley, 1937.

empire was so cordially accepted as a national legacy, that three centuries later when Japanese forces crossed the Korean channel to win an easy victory over China, the belief was still firm that Japan is destined to bring Hideyoshi's plan to ultimate realization. This ambition, he thinks, has been of immense significance in the formation of the ideals of modern Japan, and he accounts Hideyoshi's futile attempt to realize it worthy to form the first chapter of the history of Japan's expansion.

In his narrative, he does little more than state his conviction along these lines, without going deeply into reasons. But in two other volumes, which are to complete his book, by a review of Japanese history from the Seclusion Period to the establishment of Manchukuo, we may expect him to furnish abundant reasons for his opinions from the numerous Japanese sources at his command, and tell us clearly and fully in what sense and degree the sixteenth-century plan is accepted as a truly national mission.

It will be interesting to learn from a scholarly and candid Japanese historian how far the huge design has been accepted by the *Heimin* (commoners) as their legacy too. These constitute the rank and file of modern Japan. They are modern Japan. By their labor and blood the nation has grown to its present greatness. In old Japan they were next to nothing; that is, they stood just a step above the pariahs of the nation, the *Eta* and *Himin* ("not human"), whose very presence they themselves considered a contamination. Until well into the Meiji period (1868-1912) their own social status was far more debased than that of the meanest serfs of medieval Europe. From the dawn of Japanese history to 1889 the *Heimin* were never consulted, never suffered to obtrude their voice in their country's discussions or their persons in its innumerable wars. From these facts of the social and political history of Japan it is more than clear that Hideyoshi, who is accounted Japan's greatest man, left no legacy to commoners.

Yet we must not be surprised if Mr. Kuno's future volumes tell us that they claim it in common with their former oppressors and masters, who, by reason of the political system of Japan, have for the past dozen years formulated and conducted their own special Asiatic policy.

There Is a Spirit . . .

Thundering its casual doom,
The long train batters the night
While bridges fall away, and loom,
And headlights cast their sight
On scattered barns, and fields laid bare
Under the scalpel of the moon:
The silver cutting through the air.

The lonely whistle deepens, fades
Into the whispers of the wood;
It had a meaning, which evades
The mind; here only the vast mood
The emptiness, of night and space
Is gathered in the train's hood:
There is a Spirit in this place. . . .

GERARD PREVIN MEYER.

MR. McLEISH, LECTURER

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I LISTENED recently to a nicely phrased and charmingly delivered lecture on the new poetry, by Archibald McLeish, one of its leading practitioners. No one, hearing that lecture, could fail to be impressed with the sincerity and sensitivity of the speaker, or fail to listen to him with respect. But when he had finished, I found myself puzzling over a paradox. He divided poets into two classes—those who employ a private speech and those who employ a public speech. For the former he implied the world now has scant respect. And among their number, I inferred, he placed all the poets of the nineteenth century, being especially scornful of the Victorians, whom he labeled "teacup" poets. Poetry, he said, began to speak with a public voice "once more" (Milton, among the few ancients he called by name, was public-voiced) when Ezra Pound gave it tongue. T. S. Eliot is public-voiced. Greatest of all among the new bards is the later Yeats.

What is private-voiced poetry, what public-voiced? The private-voiced poet, I take it, is he who is concerned with his own emotions, with lyric soul states, with the private griefs and yearnings and ecstasies which fill so much of every man's emotional life, and speaks of them in language which is personal and idiosyncratic; or it may be—since Mr. McLeish singled out "The Idylls of the King" for special opprobrium—who is concerned with a romantic story quite apart from its social significance. So far as I could gather from the lecture, Keats must have been a private-voiced poet, for neither in "Bright Star" nor the "Ode to a Nightingale" nor "The Eve of St. Agnes" can I detect social significance, and generally only the confession of a very private mood.

The public-voiced poet is not concerned with his private moods. He is either justifying the ways of God to man (old style) or the ways of man to God—if any (new style). He speaks objectively, of public matters, in a public vocabulary. He heeds the injunction of that character in the new review, "Pins and Needles," who demands, "Sing me a song of social significance." With the intricate questions of what new rhythms and techniques the new poets have or needs must develop I cannot wrestle here, if only because Mr. McLeish, in a single hour, could not supply a sufficient clew. It is obvious, however, that they have developed new rhythms and techniques, sometimes of a nature bewildering to the layman. "The Waste Land," by T. S. Eliot, for example, is not entirely clear to many readers. What, however, I found myself wondering as I left the hall was not about any question of technique, but rather, "Why if the private-voiced poets are dead and done for, if private poetry is bad poetry, or very much less good poetry, do the public-voiced poets have so small a public?"

It is rather confusing, you know; and not entirely a new paradox, either. It used to be said when I was young—much younger than Mr. McLeish—that Walt Whitman was the poet of the people (now it would be the proletariat), the bard of democracy; and yet he was almost never read by the people, was practically unknown

to the democracy who continued to read Longfellow. He was the poet of the few—the “intelligentsia”—whose hearts, no doubt, were full of public spirit, but whose hands were most certainly soft. That used to perplex me greatly. Nor can I solve the puzzle now by saying that Walt was, after all, a private-voiced poet who sang the song of Me, because with the best will in the world I do not find today the acknowledged public-voiced poets in any better plight. Their voices may be public, but their audiences are strictly private.

When Tennyson issued a new teacup, it became at once a best seller both in England and America. Even Coventry Patmore’s “Angel in the House” was a best seller in America. Longfellow’s poems went into edition after edition. A new poem by Kipling (I hesitate to think what Mr. McLeish probably thinks of Kipling) was cabled across the Atlantic and was printed on the front page of the *Times*; and in our own day it seems to be Robert Frost and Edna Millay who reach a truly large public—if, of course, we discount the public reached by the theatrical appeal of “Murder in the Cathedral.” I should have thought Frost one of the new poets, inasmuch as he struggled for many years to gain recognition for his conversational blank verse and seems something of an innovator. But Mr. McLeish made no mention of him whatsoever, so I must assume that the privacy of his speech places him with the Victorian teacups.

There was some “new poetry” written at the turn of the last century, rather well prefaced by two of its authors, Wordsworth and Coleridge. Some of it sounded strange to contemporary ears, tuned to the measures of Pope and Gray, and it struggled for recognition as poetry at all. But in time it came to stand rather high in public estimation, so that a great many thousands of people have had their imaginations quickened, their poetic sensitivity increased, their melodic ear fascinated, by the works of Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth and Coleridge. These were romantic voices; they employed, or so I assume, private speech. Yet I fear they have become a permanent part of our Anglo-Saxon culture, and thousands yet unborn will thrill to learn how in *Zanadu* did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree, or looking at Venus in the cold green west of a winter sunset will say to themselves, in a moment of hush at the remembered mood and at the beauty:

“Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.”

There is, presumably, no better poetry anywhere than Shakespeare’s. Even Mr. McLeish would have to give us that. Yet, paradoxically, Shakespeare employed private speech. He was not speaking in his own person, to be sure, but he was putting his poetry in the mouths of characters to express *their* private emotions and moods. And the intensity with which it did so was the measure of its success. Today Shakespeare continues to be the most acted dramatist, the most quoted poet, in this or any other language. How can this be if private speech in poetry is now outmoded, and the world has done with it?

I may, of course, have quite misunderstood Mr. McLeish. I took no notes and have only the memory of

his words. I may be seriously misquoting him, and displaying rather my ignorance than his paradox. But I do not think I am in error as to the large implication of his terms, which has so much in common with other radicalisms these days. The implication is that the individual doesn’t count, the mass is all, and that art which doesn’t concern itself with the economic and social regeneration of mankind simply isn’t art—it’s teacups. Well, that is a point of view which is beginning to annoy me excessively.

This whole idea that nothing in life is important but securing lamb chops, a Chevrolet and movies three times a week for everybody in the land is getting on my nerves. Mr. McLeish would, of course, be astounded to think I could put any such construction on his words. But, in the long run, it is the only construction you can put, because it is all of a piece with the mass materialism of the new Art and the New Deal and the new Communism, or what have you.

But, of course, it is silly to become heated about it, at least so far as poetry is concerned. We do not, actually, want our poetry most of the time to employ public speech. We want it private, to give utterance to those personal pangs and ecstasies which all men share in art without the need of governmental regulation. Poetry will continue to reach the general heart through the channels of private speech. I am reminded of a gentleman who was present at a reading of the new poetry. Having, at its conclusion, to leave before the other guests, he put on his coat, worked his way to the door, and then asked permission to quote one couplet from (as he put it) “an outmoded poet of the past century.” His host, of course, granted the permission, and the other guests waited expectantly. His hand on the knob, he spoke:

“The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Auden and Spender, we lay waste our powers—”

And he was gone.

To Catherine

You are the little room in Nazareth
Wherein He dreamed—
You are the tomb that held Him close in death
Till morning gleamed.

You are the beauty passionate and sweet
Of Magdalen
Crushed into nard, poured out upon His feet
Away from men.

You are the word He held upon His tongue,
Yet never said—
You are the shining sword He never swung
Unscabbarded.

You are the music in the lute afar
No hand has swept—
You are the burning undiscovered star
The night has kept.

SISTER MARY ST. VIRGINIA.

Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—In a "sacred invitation" to Lent, to the people of Rome, Cardinal Francesco Marchetti-Selvaggiani said, "First of all Lent must be a fervent preparation for the yearly commemoration of the sad drama of Golgotha. . . . A more frequent and devout attendance at Holy Mass and a more fervent meditation on the sorrowful mysteries of Jesus Christ must therefore be our Lent." * * * Among the alleged miracles being examined by Vatican theologians in the cause of Mother Cabrini is the restored sight and health of Peter Smith, now a New York high school boy, who was given up for dead when at birth a nurse accidentally bathed his eyes with a 50 percent solution of silver nitrate instead of the usual 1 percent. * * * The Church today is divided into 1,194 dioceses and archdioceses, 487 apostolic vicariates and prefectures (in mission lands) and 14 patriarchates. Since the election of Pius XI apostolic vicariates and prefectures have increased by 218, and the first 26 native bishops have been placed in charge of territories under the control of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. * * * Bishop Hugh C. Boyle of Pittsburgh has banned bingo and related games "either as entertainment or as sources of revenue" for his diocese. * * * The Home Missioners of America directed by Reverend W. Howard Bishop of St. Martin, Ohio, have inaugurated a long-range campaign for the conversion of rural America. Their first labors will be among the Negroes, the sharecroppers and the Southern mountaineers. There are almost 1,000 counties in the United States without a resident priest.

The Nation.—The reorganization bill got along better in Congress than had been generally expected, and it still seemed possible it would be worked through into law. It passed its first major test in the Senate, when an attack on the civil service rearrangement provision was turned aside by a vote of 50 to 38. * * * The Home Owners Loan Corporation announced it had acquired by foreclosure 76,643 properties, "only 7.5 percent of the total loans, a small figure in view of the fact that almost all of the mortgages which were refinanced by HOLC would have been foreclosed if the corporation had not carried out its salvage task." The HOLC will not dump these properties, but will hold them for fair prices. * * * Governor Lehman was leading a fight in New York State to pass the kind of Savings Bank Life Insurance bill which was put into operation in Massachusetts under the leadership of Louis Brandeis, before he went to the Supreme Court. The savings bank system permits drastic reduction in the cost of small life policies. * * * The United States Health Service estimated, in a survey published March 12, that annually in this country there are 10,000,000 accidents serious enough to disable those affected for a day or longer. Thus, over 30,000 serious accidents occur daily. Each day, about 500,000 persons are unable, because of accidents, to pursue their usual activities. Annu-

ally, 16 persons out of 1,000 are disabled for a week or more by accidents, and in 1935-1936, they caused 7 percent of all deaths. Occupational accidents account for 23 percent; those at home, for 45 percent. * * * President Manuel Quezon of the Philippines indicated that he has stopped the campaign he has been carrying on for thirty years looking toward the quickest possible full independence of the Philippine Islands.

The Wide World.—General Franco's forces in Spain launched a strong offensive one week ago from Villaneuva on the Aragon front between Saragossa and Teruel. His troops, driving the Loyalists in full flight, advanced sixty-five miles with great rapidity and conquered nearly 2,000 square miles of territory. The Nationalist army captured Raimundo which controls the main inland highway from Valencia to Barcelona and is only thirty miles from the Mediterranean. The Loyalist cause is universally regarded as desperate in the extreme. * * * The Mexico City branch of the United States Steel Products Company, the export division of the United States Steel Corporation, suspended all operations because of inability to do business under the 3 percent surtax on imports established last July. * * * Thousands of men and women voluntarily enrolled in Great Britain in response to a radio appeal by Home Secretary Sir Samuel Hoare who called for 1,000,000 anti-air raid volunteers. * * * Switzerland intensified work on border fortifications from Basel around to the Italian Tyrol. * * * It is rumored that Polish Foreign Minister Josef Beck may have made a bargain with Hitler whereby Poland would surrender the Corridor that separates East Prussia from the Reich and annex Lithuania.

* * * *

Blum.—When Socialists refused to grant him extraordinary powers to deal with the financial and Austrian crises, Premier Camille Chautemps walked out of the Chamber of Deputies and presented his resignation to President Albert Lebrun. While the President fully realized the advisability of a strong government commanding a union of parties to meet the situation, he had no other alternative but to call on the Socialist leader, Léon Blum, to form a Cabinet. While Mr. Blum vainly sought to form a national government that would include most, if not all, of the parties, German troops invaded Austria. France and Britain jointly sounded out Italy as to whether cooperation could be expected in maintaining Austrian independence and received a negative reply. French troops manning the Maginot Line defenses on the Franco-German border were ordered to remain at their posts without leave until further notice. Mr. Blum finally gave up attempts to form a national union government of all parties and sought desperately to set up another Popular Front Cabinet in order to give the country a ministry. The ministers of the former Chautemps gov-

ernment remained at their posts. Only after Austria had been absorbed into the German Reich did Mr. Blum succeed in establishing his second Popular Front Cabinet composed of Socialists with the promise of Communist support. The names of Chautemps, Delbos and Bonnet do not appear in the new government. As Minister of the Treasury as well as Premier, Mr. Blum sought to revive French finances. The new government, believing the Loyalist cause in Spain doomed, refused Loyalist Premier Juan Negrin's plea for further aid.

TVA.—On March 14, when Senator Norris gave up his idea of having the Federal Trade Commission investigate the TVA and asked instead for a Senate commission of inquiry, it became practically certain that Congress and not the Executive would investigate the Authority. The next day resolutions were presented in both Houses jointly by Republicans and Democrats calling for a ten-man joint Congressional Committee of Inquiry. The problem of who should serve on the committee was troublesome. Senator Norris agreed not to push himself forward, but insisted that Senator Bridges of New Hampshire, leading senatorial enemy of the TVA, and Senator King of Utah, its leading Democratic enemy in the Upper House, likewise refuse to serve. Neither committed himself. The meeting the President had with the three fighting directors wherein he asked for facts, not opinions, turned into a fiasco when Chairman A. E. Morgan refused to present factual evidence, claiming that "this meeting is not and, in the nature of the case, cannot be an effective or useful fact-finding occasion." The President released a complete transcript of the seven-hour meeting and called the directors back again for March 18. The Tennessee Valley Authority Act was passed May 18, 1933. At the end of the last fiscal year, June 30, 1937, about \$170,000,000 had been spent by the authority on dams, locks, reservoirs, power plants and transmission lines. The planned expenditure is about \$500,000,000. Power already flows from dams at Norris, Wheeler and Wilson. Pickwick Landing will be ready soon, and next year Guntersville and Chickamauga. The sixth dam will be started this spring on the Hiwassee. Four more are expected to be included in the project: Watts Bar, Coulter Shoals, Gilbertsville and Fontana. Meanwhile, on March 16, Director Lilienthal of the Authority and Wendell L. Willkie, head of the Commonwealth and Southern utility group, conferred on the sale of power distributing properties to governmental units in the region. Mr. Willkie claims to want to sell the properties as a unit. Mr. Lilienthal is said to favor piecemeal purchase.

Moscow Sentence.—The fourth great post-Kiroff "trial" ended with the sentence of eighteen of the defendants to shooting, one to fifteen years in prison, one to twenty years and another to twenty-five. All these twenty-one defendants admitted guilt in at least some of the charges, although Kretinsky denied everything for one day, and Bukharin admitted a list of crimes of his own, denying much of the fantastic accusation of the prosecution. The men were charged with poisoning,

medical murders, sabotage, treason and espionage on behalf of Germany, Japan, Poland and Great Britain, with plotting a Bonapartist coup d'état and with linking all their conspiracies under Trotsky to the purpose of overthrowing the government of Stalin. The other publicized trials were those of the fourteen in the Zinovieff-Kameneff group, August 19-23, 1936; Radek and Piatakoff and fifteen others, January 23-30, 1937; Marshal Tukhachevsky and seven other generals (all shot without public hearing of any sort), June 11-12, 1937. Summing up the recent trial, the prosecutor, Vishinsky, said: "The historical significance of this trial consists in that it has been proved that the Rightists, the Trotskyites, Mensheviks, Socialist-Revolutionaries and bourgeois nationalists constitute a band of murderers, spies, wreckers and diversionists, without ideology or principles." In a series of comments, Trotsky displayed the trials as "political, moral and psychological nonsense." He asserted that "such trials are possible only in the poisoned atmosphere under the heavy, tightly screwed-down lid of the totalitarian régime." The *New York Times* editorially voiced the following widespread opinion: "... We are witnessing today the moral and intellectual collapse of Communism. ... Moscow compels us to look with a kindlier eye on our own alleged 'chaotic' democracy."

Railroad.—President Roosevelt indicated, March 15, that consolidation of railroads might be compelled by the government as a way out of the carriers' predicament. If this were done, he said, a way would have to be found to take care of employees displaced as a result. The President mentioned this at a press conference after the conclusion of the railroad conference for that day. Many subjects were discussed, but only about half of the agenda had been covered, he explained, and the discussions will be resumed. The conference was agreed, however, that if the government encouraged or urged railroad consolidations which meant laying off men by government action, it could not take the position that it had no responsibility to the men and their jobs. The President said that among other things the conference had discussed reorganization of roads in need of financial aid as a condition to further federal assistance. No conclusions were reached. Mr. Roosevelt appeared to be particularly impressed with an exhibit laid before the conference by Chairman Splawn showing that on the basis of revenues earned and taxes paid the railroads comprised 20 percent of the entire transportation system of the country, as against one-fifth of 1 percent for the air lines and six-tenths of 1 percent for pipe lines. The ratio of air lines to the total was emphasized by the President, who had supposed it was much larger. The various forms of highway transportation made up 75.5 percent of the total system, but included in this category were common carriers and privately operated buses and trucks, as well as private automobiles.

China and Japan.—Chinese resistance at the Lung-Hai railroad stiffened during the week. In southern and western Shansi, the most active field of military operations, the Japanese were puzzled by the unorthodox de-

fense measures of the Chinese troops. They appeared unable to solve the new mobile tactics, which in fact amount to guerilla warfare on a large scale. Service on the railroad was reported to be disrupted by Japanese shelling for a time, but, if so, it was resumed in a few days. Only in southern Shantung, far to the east, did the Japanese seem to be making headway. An indication of the Chinese long-range view of the conflict and determination to resist to the last is found in a report from Dr. Hellmut de Terra, director of the American Southeast Asiatic Expedition for Early Man, that 175,000 coolies are building a road connecting Yunnanfu with the railways of Burma, that will take a year to complete. This new highway will then serve China as a channel for supplies and munitions. The hopeless opposition to the strikingly similar Japanese counterpart of the May War Mobilization Bill, which is soon to be considered by the United States Congress, has subsided in the Tokyo Diet due to several face-saving government promises. Premier Konoye assured the legislators that it would not be invoked at the present juncture, that the commission to administer national mobilization when decreed would include members of both Houses and that the terms "in time of war or incident" and "business" (which the bill will subject to investigation) will be carefully defined.

Taxes.—The House passed the new Tax Bill by a 294 to 98 vote. The special levy of 20 percent on the income of large closely held corporations was eliminated and additional taxes were placed on liquor and imported pork products. The bill is expected to yield approximately \$5,000,000,000 annually. The House refused to reconsider its action continuing in effect the much criticized undistributed profits tax and the capital gains tax. President Roosevelt expressed regret that the House did not approve the special levy on closely held corporations, adding that what the administration had been seeking in its tax laws was to end special privilege where it occurred under existing revenue legislation. The Distilled Spirits Institute objected to the new liquor tax on the ground that it would decrease rather than increase revenue. Secretary Hull declared that the new tax on imported pork products would prove disastrous for the corn and hog industry in the United States since it would invite retaliation in commodities which are heavy export items. Chairman Harrison of the Senate Finance Committee asserted that he favored substituting for the undistributed profits tax a straight corporate tax. For the present graded capital gains levy he would substitute a straight 15 percent tax on capital gains on assets held for two years. He emphasized the Senate ambition to devise a tax measure that would restore business confidence and, at the same time, still yield the necessary revenue.

A Man of "The Street."—Richard Whitney, five times president of the New York Stock Exchange, was suspended by that institution on March 9 for insolvency. Announcement of the suspension was accompanied by an Exchange statement that Mr. Whitney and two partners who are Exchange members had been summoned to face

charges of "conduct apparently contrary to just and equitable principles of trade." Richard Whitney is probably the best-known member of the New York Stock Exchange. Elected to membership in 1912, he has served on the governing committee since 1919. He was vice-president from 1928 to 1930 and was in charge of the Exchange during the panic in the autumn of 1929. He served as president of the Exchange from May, 1930, to May, 1935, and was known as the "depression president." His fiery defense of the Exchange and its organization, which he once termed the "most perfect possible for the purpose," caused him to be considered the leader of the old guard. Moving swiftly, the law indicted Mr. Whitney on a charge of stealing \$105,000 in securities from a trust fund established by his father-in-law, of which he was one of the executors and trustees. In a statement issued through Charles H. Tuttle, his counsel, Mr. Whitney said, "I fully realize that certain of my actions have been wrong and am determined to meet the consequences and do whatever lies in my power to repair the loss which anyone has suffered." Mr. Whitney surrendered himself at District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey's office and was arraigned in General Sessions. He was held in \$10,000 bail on the formal charge of grand larceny in the first degree. Mr. Whitney was arrested a second time for the theft of bonds with a face value of \$153,000 belonging to the New York Yacht Club, of which he is treasurer, and their use as collateral for a personal loan of \$450,000 from the Public National Bank and Trust Company of New York. He was released in \$25,000 bail on this charge after arraignment in the Felony Court, and was held for the grand jury.

Non-Catholic Religious Activities.—Divorce in South Carolina will continue illegal for at least another year unless a new bill is introduced before adjournment of the present session of the general assembly. Members of South Carolina's House of Representatives voted 44 to 50 against a bill providing a referendum on the question of amending the constitution to allow divorce in the state. Constitutional amendment requires two-thirds of the membership of the house, which is 83 votes. * * * The Right Reverend Frank W. Creighton, Bishop Coadjutor of the Episcopal Diocese of Michigan, following instructions of the diocesan convention in January, has appointed a "committee on Christian research" to direct a diocese-wide study of the family and the effect, for good or ill, of various forces and influences of the modern world on family life. * * * Resolutions approving the principle of international cooperation to establish peace were adopted at the recent annual sessions of ten Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and also by the South Carolina Baptist Convention, according to reports made to the Southern Council on International Relations by Conference leaders. Although they differ in form, "the various Conference resolutions sent to us find common cause in their approval of the disposition of the government of the United States to consult with other governments in an effort to establish peace," declared Keener C. Frazer, secretary of the Southern Council.

Roosevelt vs. Taft.—President Roosevelt told 400 delegates from 150 cities to the Community Mobilization for Human Needs at the White House that he was definitely committed to the current policy of giving jobs instead of relief, leaving the unemployables to the states and localities. Work relief, he pointed out, was aimed at the problem of getting jobs for normal people who can give useful work to the country, and seeking adjustment of a maladjusted society rather than of maladjusted individuals. The President admitted that while the national economy did not today permit the federal government to give useful work to all the employable needy unemployed, the government was doing so in the great majority of cases. Charles P. Taft, son of the former president and chief justice, and chairman of this year's mobilization, took issue with Mr. Roosevelt on the government's present attitude toward relief and unemployment, and called for a new integrated plan with local administration and federal supervision and standards. He charged that the inequalities of WPA and relief, part national and part local, part adequate and part miserly, created a situation which was unfair and undemocratic, and fostered economic classes among relief clients. Mr. Taft advocated a flexible national relief program, including work relief, sensitive to local needs and managed by local officials but financed jointly by federal, state and local governments through a system of grants in aid based upon a stipulated formula with special provision from federal funds for interstate transients. Mr. Taft's plan received the unanimous approval of the committee.

"Pin Money" for Women.—Evidence that only one out of every thirty members of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs is supported by the household in which she lives is presented in a study by the Public Affairs Committee, New York. The study, the results of which run counter to the common notion that women work mostly for "pin money," is based on a survey of more than 58,000 members of the federation and is published as a pamphlet, "Why Women Work." The 12,000 replies received from members of the federation showed that seven out of ten of the women working were single, but that 48 percent had dependents, while one out of every six had the entire responsibility for a household of from two to eight persons. The earnings of the small "pin money" group—those supported by their household—were considerably less than those of other classes. In respect to the replies four-fifths of them were from professional and clerical workers; a twelfth from independent workers with their own shops, offices or agencies; and most of the remainder were from executives or supervisors. Nevertheless, nearly 3 percent of the total reported earnings of less than \$500 a year and more than 25 percent received less than \$1,000 a year. The highest paid group—physicians, surgeons and dentists—had a median professional income of \$3,000 annually; median yearly earnings for executives, managers and supervisors were \$1,715, and for saleswomen and personal and domestic service workers, \$600. The median of the whole group (half earning more, half less) was \$1,315.

Labor.—A four-cornered race was promised for the Pennsylvania Democratic primaries on May 17. Four men are seeking nomination as governor, two more or less local, one the candidate of the regular organization, and Thomas Kennedy, the C.I.O. candidate, who has secured the help of Senator Guffey. Governor Earle, campaigning for the Senate, and President Roosevelt are very positively neutral, any deviation being certain to bring them political misery. With the Democrats so split, a solid labor vote would, according to many, assure nomination, but the unity of the labor ranks is questionable. The A.F.L. would not be behind Kennedy, and the United Mine Workers themselves are supposed to be restless under John L. Lewis and his lieutenant, Thomas Kennedy. Some feel that Mr. Lewis has neglected the anthracite regions, and many of the rank and file are supposed to resent the \$2 a month assessment now being paid out of meager earnings to make up the Mine Workers' contribution to the last Roosevelt campaign fund. * * * The Senate Committee on Civil Liberties took up the investigation of the Bethlehem Steel case which the NLRB pursued for a long time. Searching and unflattering questions were addressed to the Mayor of Johnstown, who was a leader in breaking the little steel strike, and the Johnstown Citizens Committee was put in an unfortunate light. * * * The American Federation of Hosiery Workers formed another plan to reduce the wage differentials between the North and the South. The union will hold its convention May 2 in Charlotte, N. C., and immediately afterward fifty organizers will be sent among the 25,000 employees in the Southern silk mills.

Decentralization.—M. L. Wilson, Under Secretary of Agriculture, told the Senate Committee on Unemployment that the American city no longer offers the opportunities for work which once drew so many of the young people from the farm, and with new farm machinery two-thirds of the present farm population could produce the present agricultural output. As a remedy Mr. Wilson suggested the establishment of new decentralized industrial communities where earnings may be supplemented by home-grown produce. This has been one of the results of an educational program inaugurated in Cambridgeshire, England, eight years ago. At Sawston, the seat of the first center, a paper mill and a glove factory have now been set up. The general scheme, which is financed largely by the Carnegie Corporation, is to set up eight Village Colleges to serve as all-day cultural and recreational centers for the rural population. The school at Bottisham, for instance, serves ten villages with a combined population of 6,200. During the day it serves as a regular school for the children of the neighborhood as well as a day nursery and clinic. It is also to be employed for district maternity and child welfare work. Vocational and academic courses are held at night for adults, who use the school bus, and the payment of \$.50, at once or in instalments, for one six-months course gives access to the gymnasium, showers, library, writing and refreshment room, workshops and other facilities. These are free to recent school graduates and unemployed.

The Play and Screen

Save Me the Waltz

PERHAPS it is that the subject of dictators is too burning a one to submit to romantic treatment, or perhaps the treatment is not romantic enough—at all events, “Save Me the Waltz” does not come off. Katherine Dayton’s play tells the story of a dictator who falls in love with the daughter of his king, and who is prevailed upon to bring back the royal family to its capital. This is really all there is to the story, and in these parlous days there ought surely to be more, either as satire or tragedy or melodrama. “Save Me the Waltz” attempts a few moments of mild satiric dialogue, but it is very, very mild, and there is no tragedy, nor even any melodrama. Moreover, some of the wisecracks are more of Broadway or Hollywood than of European aristocracy, and such plays as Miss Dayton’s need brilliance of dialogue, distinction of characterization, and intellectual content, if they are to succeed without the aid of music.

As it stands, “Save Me the Waltz” might make a good libretto. It is scarcely strong enough to stand on its own dramatic feet. However, there are a number of good lines and some admirable players. Leo G. Carroll as the fussy King gets all there is to be gotten from the part, and John Emery makes of the Dictator both a handsome and a vital figure. Mr. Carroll is already one of our established comedians; Mr. Emery bids fair soon to be equally as securely established as a romantic leading-man. Mady Christians acts the Queen with distinction and charm. It is odd that Miss Christians has not yet secured the place on the American stage that she deserves. Her beauty, her technical mastery, her authority, her intelligence are a combination possessed by few living actresses. Arnold Korff in the small part of the Painter again proves that he is one of the most accomplished actors on the stage, and again brings the wonder why he too is not seen more often. Jane Wyatt gives her charm to the Princess, and Leslie Barry is amusing as Prince George. The costumes and scenery are excellent in taste and rich in design. (At the Martin Beck Theatre.)

I Am My Youth

THE STORY of Godwin and Shelley surely provides the material for a bitter comedy with a diapason of tragedy running underneath, but Ernest Pascal and Edwin Blum have certainly not written it in “I Am My Youth.” The fact is, the wealth of material seems to have been too much for them and they have been unable to make up their minds exactly what sort of story to tell or what sort of play to write. They have confined Shelley’s love for Mary Godwin to the first two acts and have eliminated Harriet without mention of her suicide, and the last act is taken up with Fanny’s suicide when she finds she is not Godwin’s real daughter, something which had not been prepared for in the first two acts. Moreover, by allowing Godwin to send his daughter off with Shelley with his blessing, they have both violated fact and ruined the opportunity for ironic comedy. Godwin,

though in his writings approving of free love, denounced Shelley for carrying out his ideas with his daughter, yet continued to borrow money from him. And in abandoning the truth the play has gone out the window with it.

The result is that Charles Waldron, excellent actor as he is, finds it difficult to give the character of Godwin any consistency, or rather consistency in its inconsistency. Frank Lawton is a handsome Shelley, and when he is permitted gives him a touch of life. Viola Roache is in the picture as the second Mrs. Godwin, but none of the young ladies who play Mary, Fanny or Harriet seem in the period. Jean Bellows, however, gives a realistic touch or two to Claire. Perhaps the most veritable impersonation is that of Robert Vivian as an old retainer. But even a perfect performance could not have saved such a play. (At the Playhouse.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

A SHIRLEY TEMPLE motion picture is a Shirley Temple picture, for all of the Kate Douglas Wiggin story-book sponsorship given it. They have been remaking Kate Wiggin’s “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm” since Mary Pickford herself was Rebecca some twenty-one years back, and each time it took on an added modernization that further lessened the appearance of the original, until today, for Shirley Temple purposes, it takes the form of an “up-to-the-minute musical with radio background.” There is the expected display of tap-dancing by Shirley and Bill Robinson. It is Shirley’s eighteenth feature-length picture, and the first one in two years in which she has appeared in modern dress. The babyish curls are tied back, and she emerges somewhat from the “baby prodigy” of previous appearances to assume more of a note of the “professional entertainer”—at ten years of age.

One of the best musical scenes is the “Toy Trumpet” sequence, with swift, even tricky tempos, as arranged by Raymond Scott. They dance right up to a “truckin’” and “Susy-Q” routine, a state of affairs well nigh bordering on sacrilege to the “way-down-east” atmosphere of the Wiggin “Rebecca.” In this light, then, the production is synthetic, someone having aptly observed that a more appropriate title would be “Rebecca of Radio City.” However, strictly from the viewpoint of Temple-fare, this is one of Shirley’s best. An exaggerated story blends the bucolic savor of rusticism with the hurly-burly of radioland and a full supply of Temple repartee and mimicry.

After they threw the book away, Karl Tunberg and Don Ettinger pieced out a sort of story about a youngster whose stepfather turns her over to her Aunt Miranda when he believes she has failed in an audition for a sponsored radio program. Later on, he finds out she didn’t fail and gets back her custody, hoping to share her earnings, but she pretends to lose her voice and he loses interest, whereupon everything comes out right for “Rebecca” and a lot of other persons who have got more or less tangled up in the proceedings. At no time is the supporting cast allowed to encroach too far into the spotlight thrown on Shirley.

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

Communications

BUSINESS

Waterford, N. Y.

TO the Editor: As a regular subscriber to *THE COMMONWEAL* since its inception, I must take exception to your editorials under the title "Week by Week" in the March 11 issue of *THE COMMONWEAL*.

You deplore the fact that "Little Business" takes the same attitude as to government as does "Big Business" and feel that someone should start working on "Little Business" from within and enlighten it. Does not the possibility occur to you that you may be wrong when all business, big and little, outspokenly says that prosperity and employment are impossible unless government changes its course? Business men have been warning of the consequences of ill-advised governmental action for several years. Now the consequences, so forecast, are upon us. When will you realize that business men, big and little, may know something about business, possibly even as much as the politicians?

You speak of the lay-off policy of the General Motors Company as being short-sighted, but you do not offer any constructive suggestion as to what General Motors, or any other business, should do. Will business go on building up inventories of finished products that the public will not buy? Will it continue until its working capital is exhausted and insolvency is imminent and then shut down and wait until inventories have been sold, unless bankruptcy intervenes? Have you no conception of the fundamental fact that it is suicidal to manufacture beyond the quantity that can be sold? The tendency of all business is to push production beyond sales, yet you seem to have the contrary impression.

The last paragraph of your editorial, "Rainy Days," in which you say that many industrialists "steadfastly refuse" to pay a living wage and that this is a "stupid" policy, is typical of the public utterances of Catholic priests and writers today.

This attitude shows an utter lack of comprehension as to what it is all about. You show no acquaintance with the problems of business, wages and unemployment, and you certainly ought not to attempt to write on such subjects without making some effort to acquaint yourself with the problems which business has to face.

I am certain that the average business man has far more practical sympathy for the workingman than has the average priest or writer and that 99 percent of them are doing their best for all concerned for which their reward is constant criticism from the occupants of the bleachers.

In spite of the announced policy of the Catholic Church against "Communism," no greater impetus is given to that cause than that given by Catholic priests and Catholic writers, who, like yourself in the passage mentioned, try to induce the workingman to believe that he is being unjustly treated by his employer and that he would get much higher wages but for the fact that his employer "steadfastly refuses" to pay them.

While Communism today is simply a camouflage for a dictatorship, its development is based entirely upon nourishing a prejudice in the employee against the employer and the Catholic speakers and writers are doing a great job for Communism today by encouraging this prejudice in every way possible. I do not think this is intentional. I think it is just a lack of sufficient acquaintance with the fundamentals and until they get some practical acquaintanceship with cold hard facts, they should stop criticizing the people who are carrying the load.

Until you get a thorough knowledge of the subject at hand, you ought not to appeal to prejudice in this way. Leave that to the politicians who at least have the excuse of self-interest.

What this country is suffering from today is an overdose of politicians and until it gets that load off its neck, there can be no relief for the workingman or anyone else. Do you realize that 20 percent of every man's income is today being taken by the politicians in taxes? They take \$2 out of every \$10 that the workingman gets and then tell the workingman that they are helping him.

That is the reason for high prices. And it was high prices which brought about the present paralysis in business. Just take the politicians' 20 percent share out of today's prices and you will see business booming and a job for everyone.

GEORGE E. O'CONNOR.

THE SPENCER NEW TESTAMENT

Cleveland, Ohio.

TO the Editor: There is only one point on which Father McMahon and I might possibly disagree with reference to the review of Father Spencer's New Testament. That point, however, is important.

We know that Rome does not formally approve vernacular versions of the Scriptures. The local Church authorities, however, are responsible for providing the faithful with a trustworthy version. The question, then, is: Will any bishop, or all the bishops, of this country, adopt or approve or authorize for this purpose a translation of the New Testament taken from the Greek and not from the Vulgate? I am convinced this will not take place, and the conviction is based on the following.

(1) The decree of Trent is still in force. The Vulgate is a fixed text, representing Catholic tradition, while the Greek has not yet emerged from its state of flux. (Cf. Father Voste's Introduction to Spencer, page x.)

(2) Both the "Providentissimus Deus" and the "Spiritus Paraclytus" merely speak of consulting the original texts when the Latin is not clear, and then with a warning against private judgment. The latter encyclical is wholly taken up with praise of the Vulgate, and certainly has this text in mind when urging the popular use of the Bible.

(3) In the seminaries we must teach from the Vulgate. The priest and seminarian are urged to consult the original texts, even in translation if they are not equipped to read the Greek and Hebrew.

(4) In a century of legislation on the subject of the Bible in this country, never once was it suggested that a version be made from the originals.

(5) The response of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide on the question of our vernacular Bible suggested a revision of the Douay, but did not even hint at a new translation from the originals. It is in this response that is found the expression, "to the exclusion of other versions." The reference is to other versions from the Vulgate. (Cf. *Ecclesiastical Review*, January, 1938, volume XCVIII, page 48.)

(6) The Biblical Commission at Rome expressly approved the fact that our present effort to revise the vernacular Bible is based on the Vulgate.

(7) When the Episcopal Committee on the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine saw the need of a clearer text for its study clubs, it requested a revision which would have the Vulgate as basic text.

I find it difficult to believe that there can be any misunderstanding on this question. There certainly is no warrant for the thought that there exists any contest between our revision, which is based on the Vulgate, and any translation from the Greek. If the devout reader of the Bible is concerned enough, let him look beyond the Vulgate, as he freely may; and then he will find use for Father Spencer's version, or for the Westminster, which is also Catholic, excellent in authority, and available in this country for some time. And for this I can repeat my encouragement, and the hope that the Spencer version will find many interested readers.

REV. WILLIAM L. NEWTON,
Secretary of Editorial Board for
Revision of the New Testament.

CHRISTIAN SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION Springfield, Mass.

TO the Editor: It is now almost seven years since our Holy Father issued the call for Christian Social Reconstruction. A year ago he sent out a second urgent plea for action to correct the evils that threaten to engulf more states in the horror and terror of fratricidal strife.

What has been done up to now in answer to that plea?

Has any definite and detailed plan of action been worked out around which we can rally all men of goodwill in a Christian front of prayer and work to "restore all things in Christ"?

It is not enough to state and restate principles. Only deeds will help stem the tide of confusion, suspicion, hatred and bloody strife, and point out the road to peace between individuals and peoples.

To whom shall we look for enthusiastic and dynamic leadership? The National Catholic Welfare Conference, our Catholic colleges, the Catholic press?

A series of articles on this important matter would be very timely and might possibly lead to the formation of a Council on Christian Social Reconstruction or some such national organization to unite all our forces and resources in this modern crusade.

RICHARD LENZI.

PATRIOTISM

Piqua, Ohio.

TO the Editor: With the prospects of a widespread war in the world at present, the question of patriotism becomes all-absorbing. Our American conception of Democracy permits the liberty of conscience in the matter of taking up arms. The World War, even when America entered to make the world safe for democracy, allowed the "conscientious objector" to refrain from bearing arms. What shall we do about the impending conflict, when Americans will surely "conscientiously object" bearing arms with "Communist Russia," "Nazi Germany" or "Fascist Italy" for an "ally"?

We repudiate the principles of all three, and it is difficult to see how an American can aid in the establishment of any of them. The absurdity of Christianity and anti-Christianity or atheism fighting side by side is evident to any human mind. True democracy and absolute dictatorship are so diametrically opposed that they could only battle for the extinction of one or the other. In any such alliance America would be but a weak sister in the fight (except in the matter of supplying the money).

Apart from a conscripted force what confidence could we place in the regular forces if their orders ran counter to their convictions? Our regular forces, be it understood, are voluntary to the principles of our constitutional government. In the eventuality of this looming conflict, America is placed between the horns of a dilemma neither of which can be chosen in principle. The only compromise that can be made is the sacrifice of the one thing we own in common, liberty and conscience. Other countries may appeal to a racial pride in national patriotism, we have only national pride to appeal to and the principles of the nation. We are not a race. We may talk armaments and wealth, but it takes hearts inflamed with unalterable convictions to preserve the things we love sincerely.

REV. JAMES G. FALLS.

MY COUSIN EAMON DE VALERA

Jackson Heights, L. I.

TO the Editor: Please accept my heartiest thanks for the splendid article on Eamon de Valera by Elizabeth Millson, in *THE COMMONWEAL* of February 18. To those of us who have followed his career from commandant at Boland's Mills to Prime Minister of Eire, the story gives much joy and makes up for the many anxious hours we spent waiting for word that "Dev" was free.

MARY E. SHEAHAN.

OFFICIAL CHESTERTON BIOGRAPHY

Beaconsfield, England.

TO the Editor: I have been asked by Mrs. Chesterton to write the life of the late G. K. Chesterton. I should, therefore, be very grateful if anyone who has letters from Mr. Chesterton would lend them as material for the biography. They will be copied and returned immediately. They should be sent to: Mrs. G. K. Chesterton, Top Meadow, Beaconsfield, Bucks, England.

MAISIE WARD.

Books

Doom

A Vision, by W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.00.

MANY years ago, in one of his early books of essays, "Ideas of Good and Evil," W. B. Yeats wrote about his belief that poets were more and more becoming the real religious leaders of the world, and that the priests of the Church were discredited. The opinion was a common one, at that time, at least among writers who had cast off what they considered to be the "chains of dogma," "ecclesiastic superstitions" and the like, and felt themselves to be the emancipated prophets and leaders of humanity.

For many of them, "science" appeared to be the substitute for Deity which their art must serve; others, among them Mr. Yeats, discovered in their own subjective impulses and dreams the evidences of a spiritual truth superior to materialistic science. Few of them ever bothered to construct any system of thought by which to guide their new gospels, and so long as their work justified itself artistically, apart from their nebulous theories, what they believed or did not believe hardly mattered except to themselves.

In Mr. Yeats's case, in particular, the lovers of poetry could enjoy what he produced as poet without paying much heed to his occasional utterances as a religious "seer" or prophet. Nor will the book in which he has now given the world his fundamental doctrine change the situation, except, possibly, for a few devotees of Spiritualism, who may find it a new revelation, as they have discovered such revelations before in Swedenborg and Thomas Lake Harris and other modern visionaries. In the mumbo-jumbo flooding the pages of a host of lesser luminaries of the fantastic underworld of modern superstition, are to be found, although not so well expressed, much of the farrago of automatic writing, "direct voice" utterances, trance mediumship, "guides" and "frustrators," out of which Mr. Yeats builds up his re-creation of one of the oldest and most ruinous illusions of humanity—the awful nightmare of doom, the idea of "Eternal Recurrence," which for thousands of years has sporadically appeared in the literature of pessimism.

Such a dream is the utter denial of the Christian revelation, the negation, indeed, of all belief in God. Man's free will is banished in such a system. The "great wheel" of life merely turns and re-turns, forever, through cycle after cycle, so that each and every human soul, born again and again without cessation into different environments, will go on doing so eternally.

This idea is supposed to be illustrated and, apparently, even demonstrated by a series of geometrical plates and statistical tables. It is all very depressing, if taken seriously; but why should any sane person feel constrained to bother his head with such stuff when there is Mr. Yeats's poetry to read and enjoy?

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

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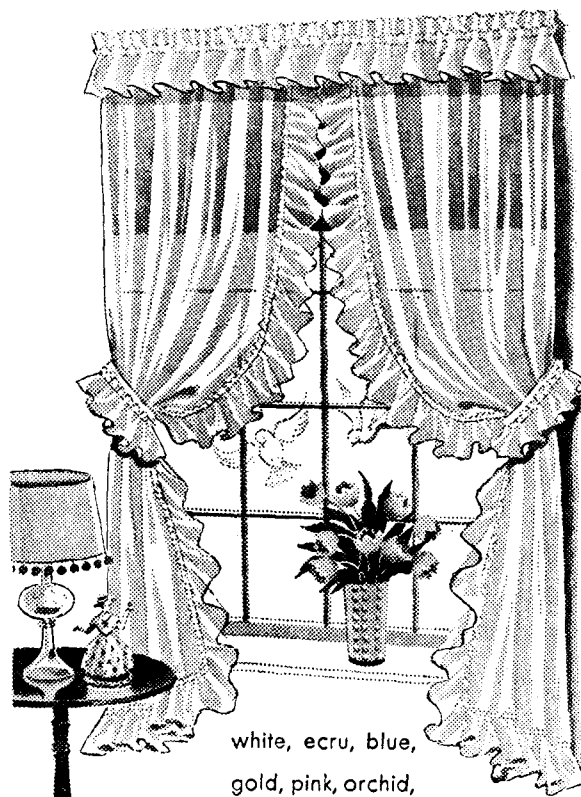
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Self-Satire from a Self-Helper

My Invincible Aunt, by Dorothea Brande. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

IF THERE is such a thing as self-satire, this novel by the author of "Wake Up and Live," is it. For this is the story of young Star Williams's aunt, Kit Willow, who thrust her oatmeal-and-attar-of-roses facial mask upon an eagerly receptive world, and then, not content with brightening women's faces, tried to brighten their souls by her own mawkish gospel of Love. Miss Brande has given us a recognizable American character: an indomitable, self-willed Maine woman who combines the attributes of the colored lady who invented a de-kinker for dusky polls and ended her life in a chateau on the Hudson and those of a spurious Mary Baker Eddy or Aimée Semple Macpherson. This woman is dominated by the American gospel of success: because she is successful, she becomes rich; because she is rich, she always is right; because she is always right, she comes to think she is God. The tragic implications of this simple faith are not slighted, and Aunt Kit loses her invincibility and her world-envied complexion at one stroke when a simple country cousin questions the honesty of her success.

This book, which might have been written by Sinclair Lewis some years ago before his fine satire was blunted by success, is an amazing production for the author of one of the most successful self-help books. Was "Wake Up and Live" written with tongue in cheek and eye upon the profits? If so, critics of this school of literature are right in their charges that such books are immoral and dishonest. Or, more charitably, was Miss Brande so overcome by the cult she started with the best intentions, that she determined to destroy her own evil creation by self-satire? It is hard to say, but this novel should do much to remedy a tragic and pathetic situation by laughing out of court the amateur psychologists with their unsavory quack remedies brewed up from watered Neo-Platonism, faith-healing cults, ill-digested Freud, and pseudo-thesophy. For this is a most entertaining book, and laughter is one of the best weapons in the literary armory.

MASON WADE.

American Cause Célèbre

General Washington's Dilemma, by Katherine Mayo. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THIS is a story of projected retaliation. The victim was to have been Captain Charles Asgill, selected for death by lot, due to the unrequited murder by American Loyalists (i.e., sympathizers with the British Crown) of Jack Huddy, a Monmouth County, New Jersey, hero, who had been kidnaped and mutilated almost under the nose of the English General, Sir Henry Clinton. When the latter insisted upon a British court martial for the suspected murderer, Captain Richard Lippencott, General George Washington, waxing wroth and goaded on by the Monmouth patriots, called upon the Continental Congress for a decision with respect to the execution of the youthful, well-born Asgill, whose only crime had been

to surrender at Yorktown with Lord Cornwallis on the definite, written understanding that none of the prisoners of capitulation would be subject to reprisal. In fine, the word of the American Commander-in-Chief as well as the honor of the French army under Count Rochambeau were involved in the case.

Happily for the reputation of the latter, the Congress acceded to the intercessory plea of Louis XVI and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, communicated by the French Foreign Minister, the Count de Vergennes. A mother's agony was assuaged; Captain Asgill was restored to the bosom of his family in England; the name of George Washington was preserved free from the stain of bad faith, while the noble attitude of the French officers and diplomats who interested themselves in the case was writ large on the surface of the whole cause célèbre.

This almost forgotten chapter in American history richly merits the grace of resurrection. In an age grown callous to human suffering it is heartening to read about the world repercussions produced by the spectacle of a single life on the verge of forfeiture. Long before the cable, telephone or radio, the voice of public opinion could electrify the consciences of kings and soldiers. The efforts of the British to save their comrade, the tender-hearted loyalty of Major James Gordon who shared Asgill's captivity and the justness of Alexander Hamilton's appeal to General Henry Knox, the intimate friend of Washington, are highlights in this moving drama.

Although Miss Mayo brings to the recital no notable distinction of style, she has realized the note of sustained suspense which captivated the imaginations of two continents in 1782. A valuable bibliography and competent index complete an interesting adventure in early Americana.

JOSEPH F. THORNING.

Childhood

Brooks Too Broad for Leaping, by Flannery Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50

"THE THOUGHTS of a child, like water slipping past a brook, run without bidding, translucent to the light and elusive in their reveries. The adult who looks there, looks through water; could he touch the stream, he would know it chilling."

A delightful book is "Brooks Too Broad for Leaping"—a book that carries the reader compellingly along the devious and shadowy paths that lead one back to childhood. Mr. Lewis lets us look into the mind of seven-year-old Mark Douglas in the year 1918—the year when he first went to school, while his father, a doctor, served with the Army in France, and when the great and mysterious influenza epidemic filled the world with fear. Influences, bright and strange and sinister, were at work upon that growing mind, and Mr. Lewis, out of his poignant memories, tries to recapture those elusive thoughts and emotions evoked in the child's mind by the forces at work around him.

There is always a fresh charm in such excursions into the past when they are undertaken sympathetically and in no spirit of psychopathic prying. Kenneth Grahame,

Pierre Loti, Anne Sedgewick, Laura Spencer Portor, Eleanor Farjeon, W. H. Hudson and others have pushed aside those doors that open inward and let us glance within. Mr. Lewis's book deserves a place beside "Dream Days," "Far Away and Long Ago" and "The Heart of a Child." It is a book to be savored slowly lest we miss some delicacy of phrase, some felicity of expression.

While commenting on the charm of Mr. Lewis's style, one is constrained to wonder whether the half-dozen recurring solecisms are conscious concessions to the colloquial or unintentional provincialisms. In either case, we watch young writers of such caliber anxiously. When one can evoke a mood as poignantly as does Mr. Lewis, he should choose every word with care lest the spell be broken. In spite of this minor flaw, "Brooks Too Broad for Leaping" is another ray of light on the workings of the child mind. Parents and teachers would do well to read it.

BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

Farming as a Career

Fifth Avenue to Farm, by F. Fritts and R. W. Gwinn. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$3.00.

THE SUB-TITLE to this volume, "A Biologic Approach to the Problem of the Survival of Our Civilization," suggests the main point that the authors wish to make. They fear, namely, the loss of America's biologic heritage. America has produced a high type of civilization. The people who produced this civilization were children or children's children of American farmers. The source of our population group is today overwhelmingly in the country, since the rural mode of living is uniquely congenial to the human impulse to raise large families of children while the urban way of life is hostile to this impulse. If the best continue to go to the city, only to die there, while the genetically poorest remain in the country, and beget the future generations, eventually the source of our American population, and with it the population itself, must degenerate.

The authors are hopeful that a large number of the ablest and most superior people of our cities will in future elect farming as a career. They insist that this can be done with the fullest assurance that they are making a genuine contribution to American civilization, and without any undue sacrifice of personal satisfactions.

There is much in the volume that is both excellent and convincing. But there are serious omissions too, and a number of things with which the reader may take issue. The question of unemployment, for instance, so inseparably linked with a number of considerations to which attention is given in the volume, is entirely disregarded. The whole field of heredity, so basic in the authors' thesis, is still largely a *terra incognita*. Certainly to the present reviewer, the statement (page 128) that, generally speaking the cause of tenancy is "submarginal people, not submarginal land nor lack of opportunity," does not at all offer an adequate explanation of the present tenancy situation in the United States.

EDGAR SCHMIEDELER.

Brother Flo:

An Imaginative Biography

By

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

This is the story of Brother Florian, officially merely the porter of "Merrymount College," but recognized by the students, and actually, one of the most important figures on the campus.

Merrymount is a very real place, though that is not its name. There are thousands who will know Brother Flo as once very much alive and, doubtless, will seem to remember some of the episodes in his custodianship of the boys that are so delightfully related in this volume.

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The Story of Instruction

By Ernest Carroll Moore

Volume II of Professor Moore's great work is subtitled, "The Church, The Renaissances and The Reformations." It carries forward his survey from the founding of the Church, through the Counter-Reformation of Loyola.

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Dawn in Lyonesse

By Mary Ellen Chase

"A novel wherein past and present meet to bring sympathy and courage and understanding. An exquisite prose poem more than worthy the author of the memorable 'Mary Peters'."—New York Times.

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Briefer Mention

The River, by Pare Lorentz. New York: Stackpole Sons. \$2.00. Graphically and dramatically Pare Lorentz's government documentary film is produced in a book. The music of Virgil Thomson made the movie a much richer medium, and few can read the text as the narrator did in the original, but the book is still an extremely complex work, remarkably accomplished. The pictures are good and unbelievably eloquent; the free verse and prose accompaniment, simply the names, make fine rhetoric; the whole constitutes the most activating of propaganda.

The Education of a Diplomat, by Hugh R. Wilson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50. Intimate memories and impressions of our able Ambassador to Germany, covering the first phase of his diplomatic career which began with his novice days in Lisbon in 1911 and ended with the entry of the United States into the Great War.

The Best of Runyon, by Damon Runyon; selected by E. C. Bentley. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.00. An English admirer chooses his fifteen favorites of Damon Runyon's dry, racy farces of the guys and dolls, the disarming crooks and racketeers and bookies and hostesses of New York's Main Street—the Hardened Artery of Broadway. A treat for Runyon fans, and eloquent propaganda for more.

A Mirror to Geneva, by George Slocombe. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$3.00. Of all those who came to the old Hotel National and who progressed to the Palace of Nations, twenty of the most prominent have been sketched by a man who personally knows many of the great and near great in world politics. From Wilson to Eden, he has chronicled with exceptional skill the doings of men active in the League of Nations.

The Prayers of the Missal, Volume II, by C. C. Martindale, S.J. New York: Sheed and Ward. \$1.00. The Secret Prayers and Post Communions of the Sundays and principal feasts of the year serve as a basis for a series of brief meditations. Father Martindale skilfully conveys the spirit of each day and season and emphasizes more than anything else the action that should flow from meditating on the prayers of the Mass.

CONTRIBUTORS

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REV. EDGAR SCHMIEDELER, O.S.B., is director of the Rural Life Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

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Pastoral—Feast of St. Joseph, 1938.

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